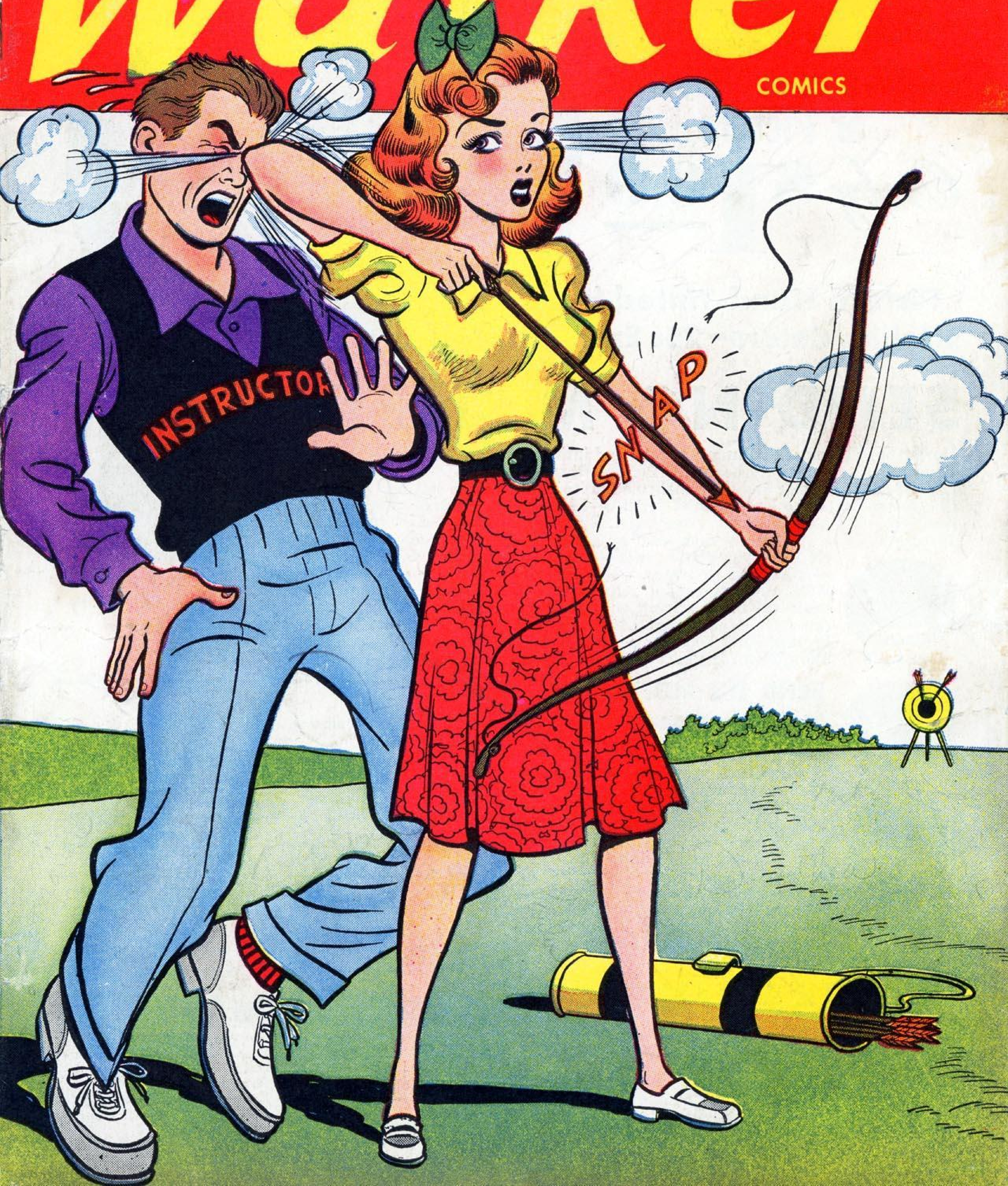
JUNE
NO. 5

Patsy Walker

10¢

COMICS


INSTRUCTOR
SNAP

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Don't send a penny! Simply rush the coupon below with any photo, snapshot or picture and your ring size. Your Picture Ring will be made at once, to fit your finger and shipped to you. Pay postman only $1.00 plus few cents postage and Federal Tax when he delivers your Ring. Photo will be returned unharmed with Ring. If not delighted, return Ring within 5 days for your money back. Rush coupon, photo, and ring size NOW.

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Enclosed is photo. Please rush my Picture Ring at once. I will pay postman $1.00, plus few cents postage and Tax. I understand that if I am not completely satisfied I may return Ring within 5 days and you will refund my money. ☐ Check here if you want picture hand printed in lifelike color for 25c extra.

Name..

Address..

City.............................**State**..............

My Ring Size is....................

Measure Ring Size Below

0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13

YOUR RING SIZE Wrap strip of paper around second joint of finger, trim so ends meet. Measure strip down from top on this chart. Number at end is your size.

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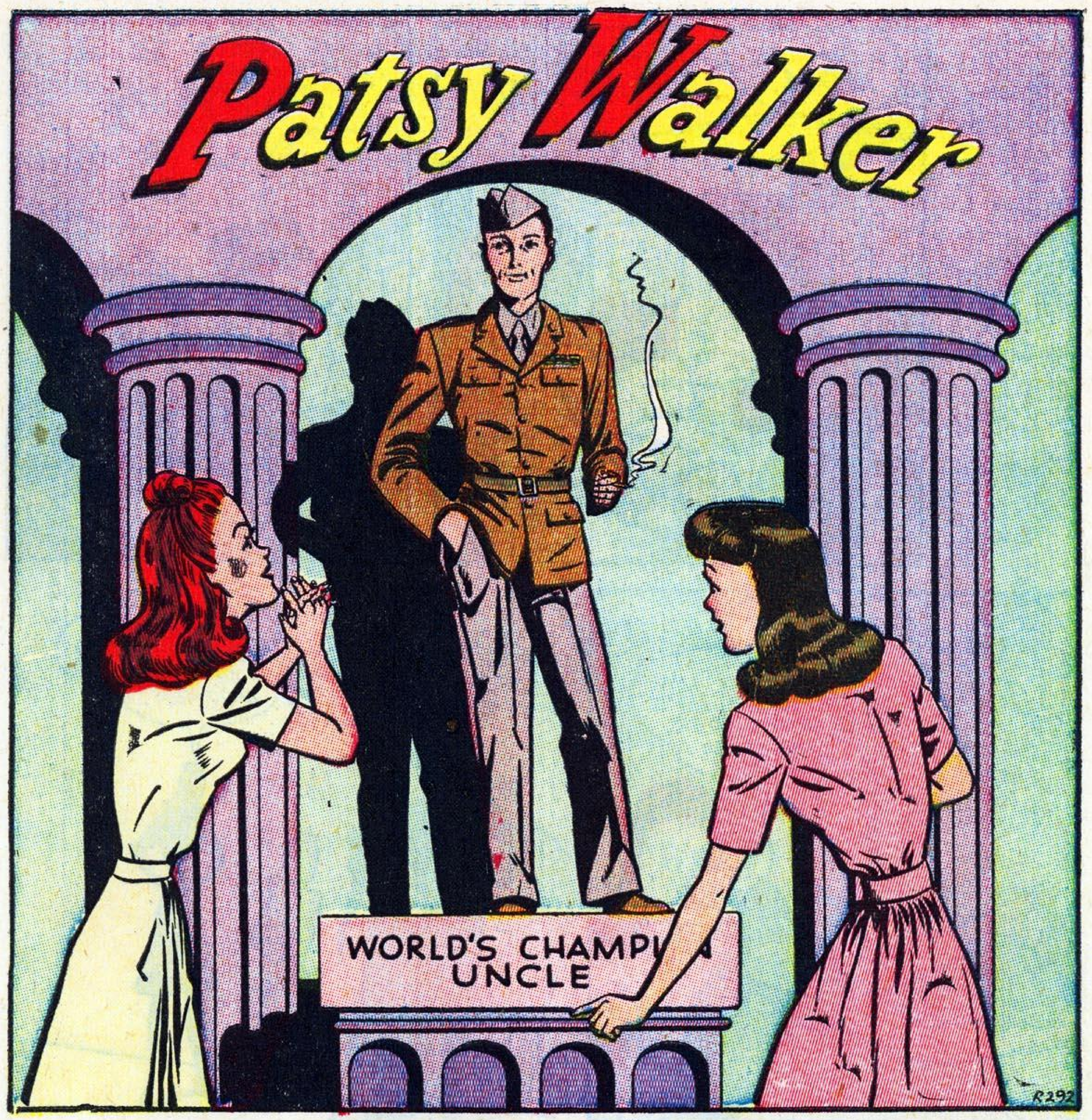
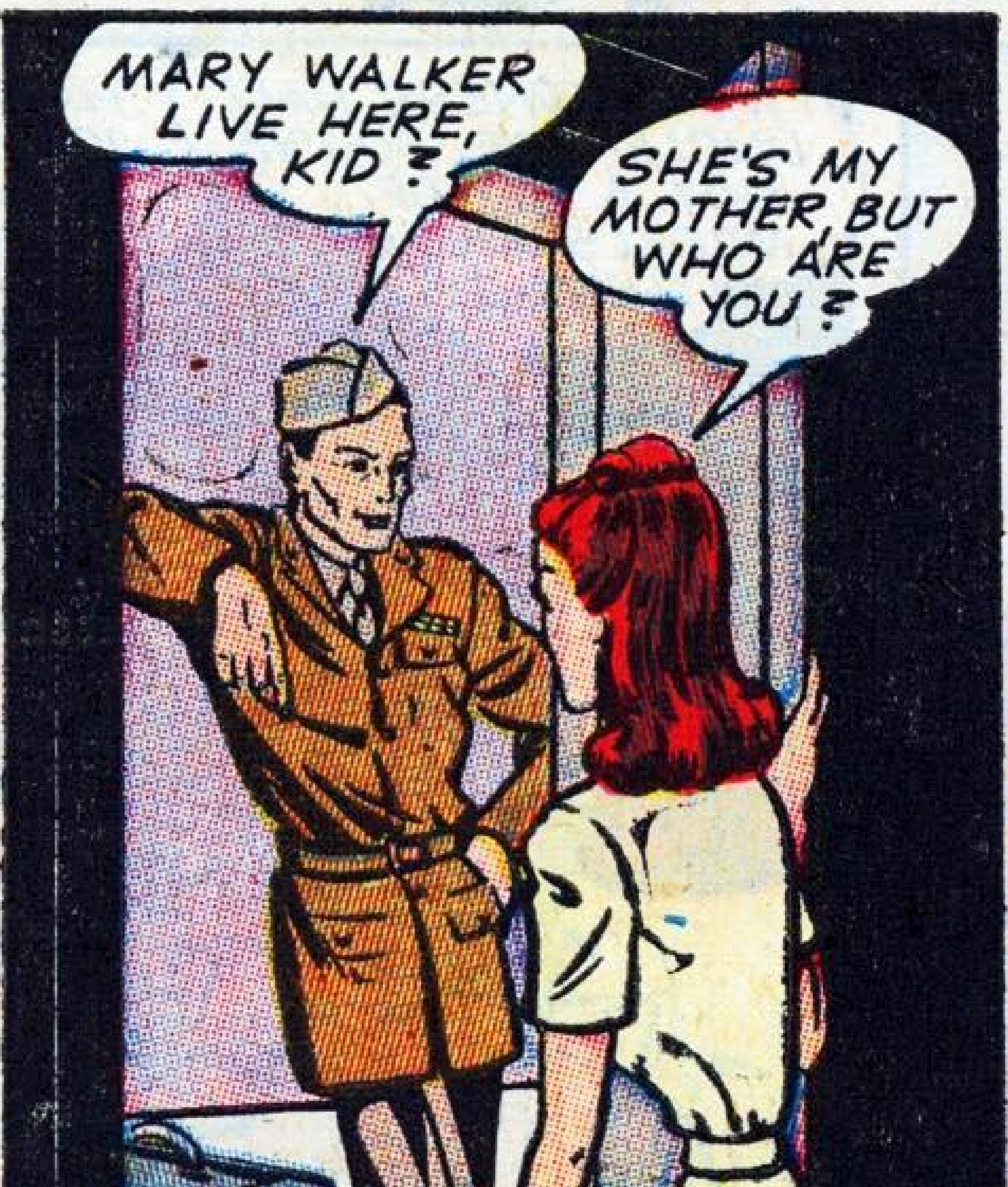
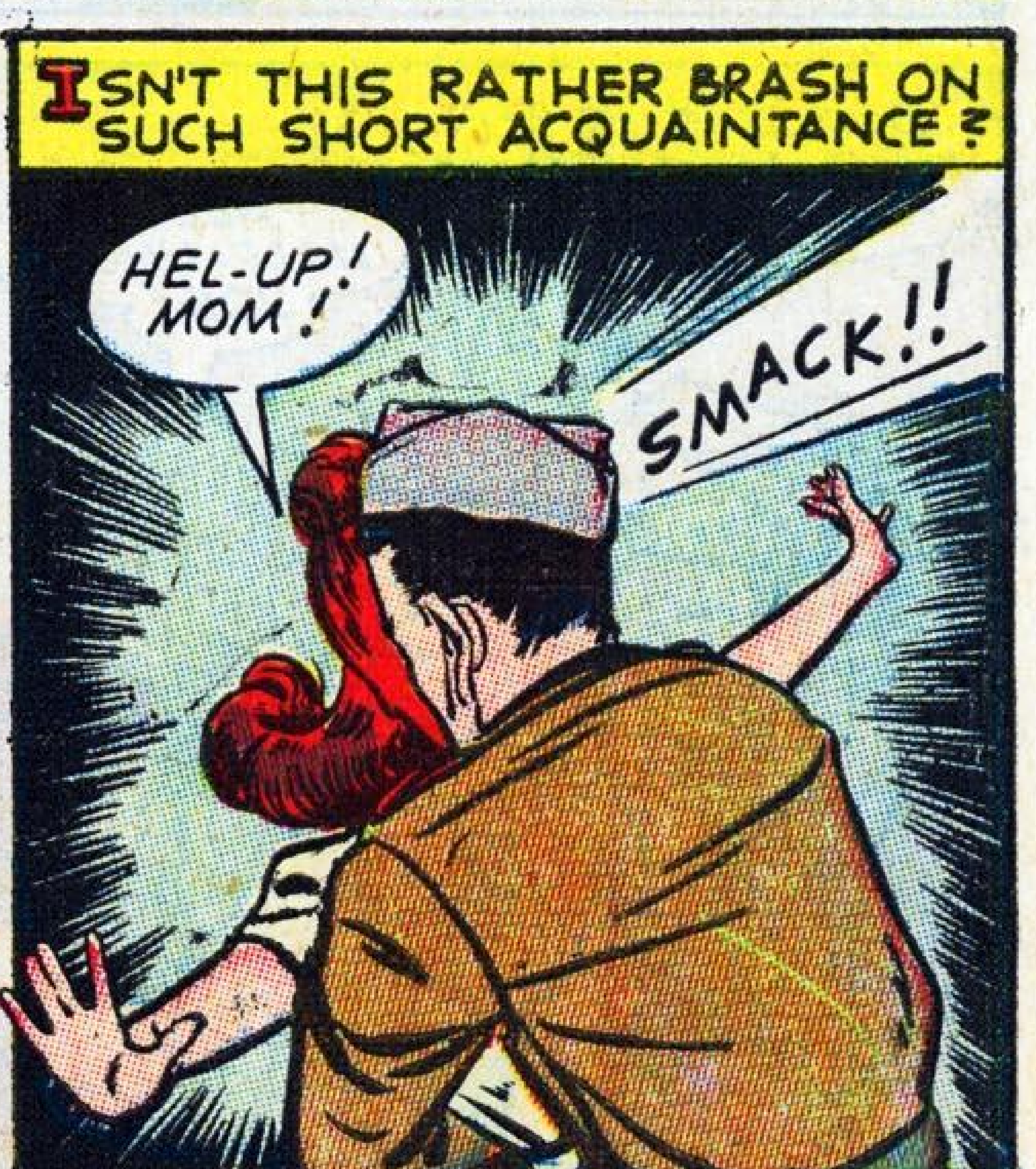
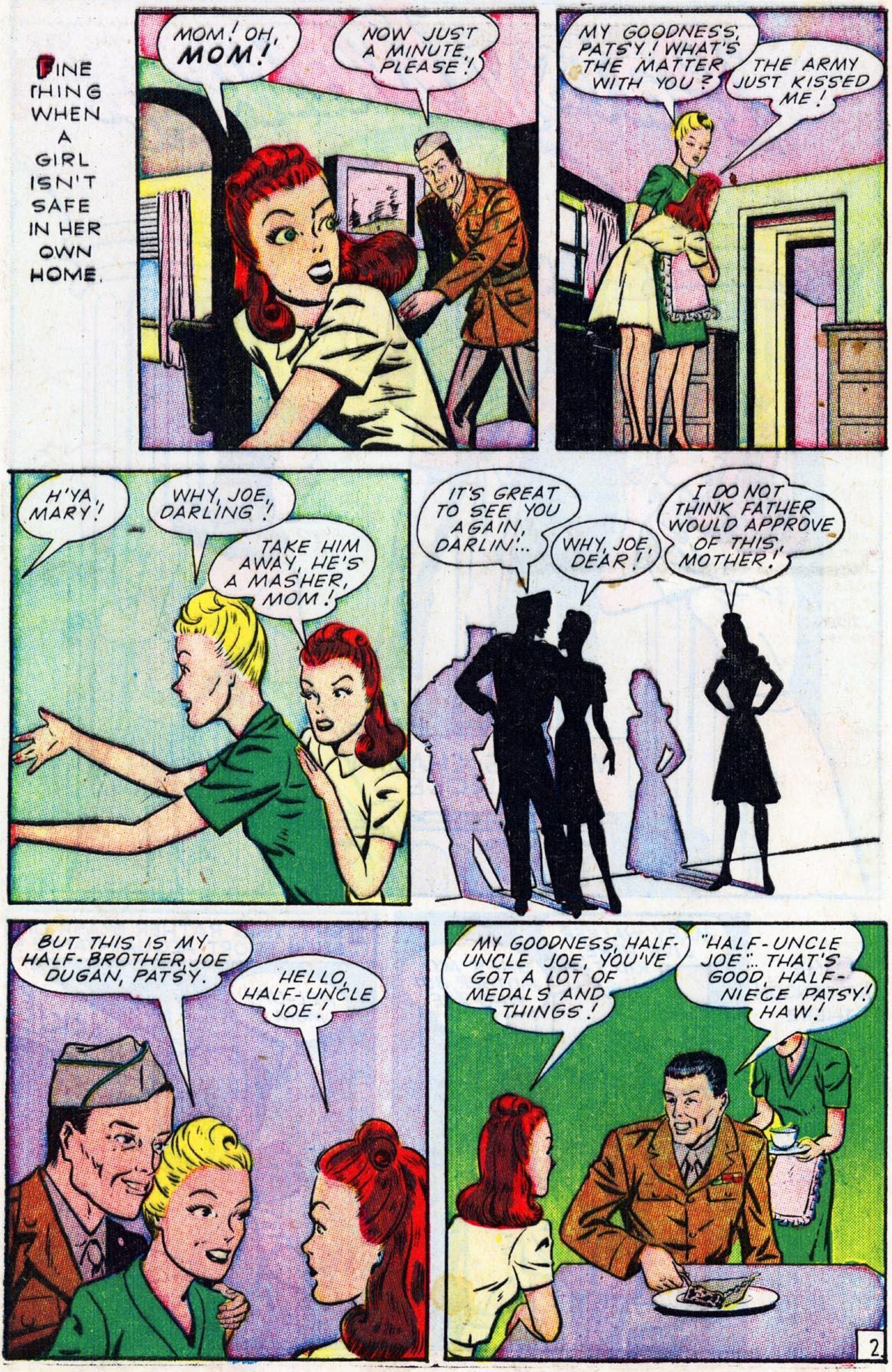
Patsy Walker

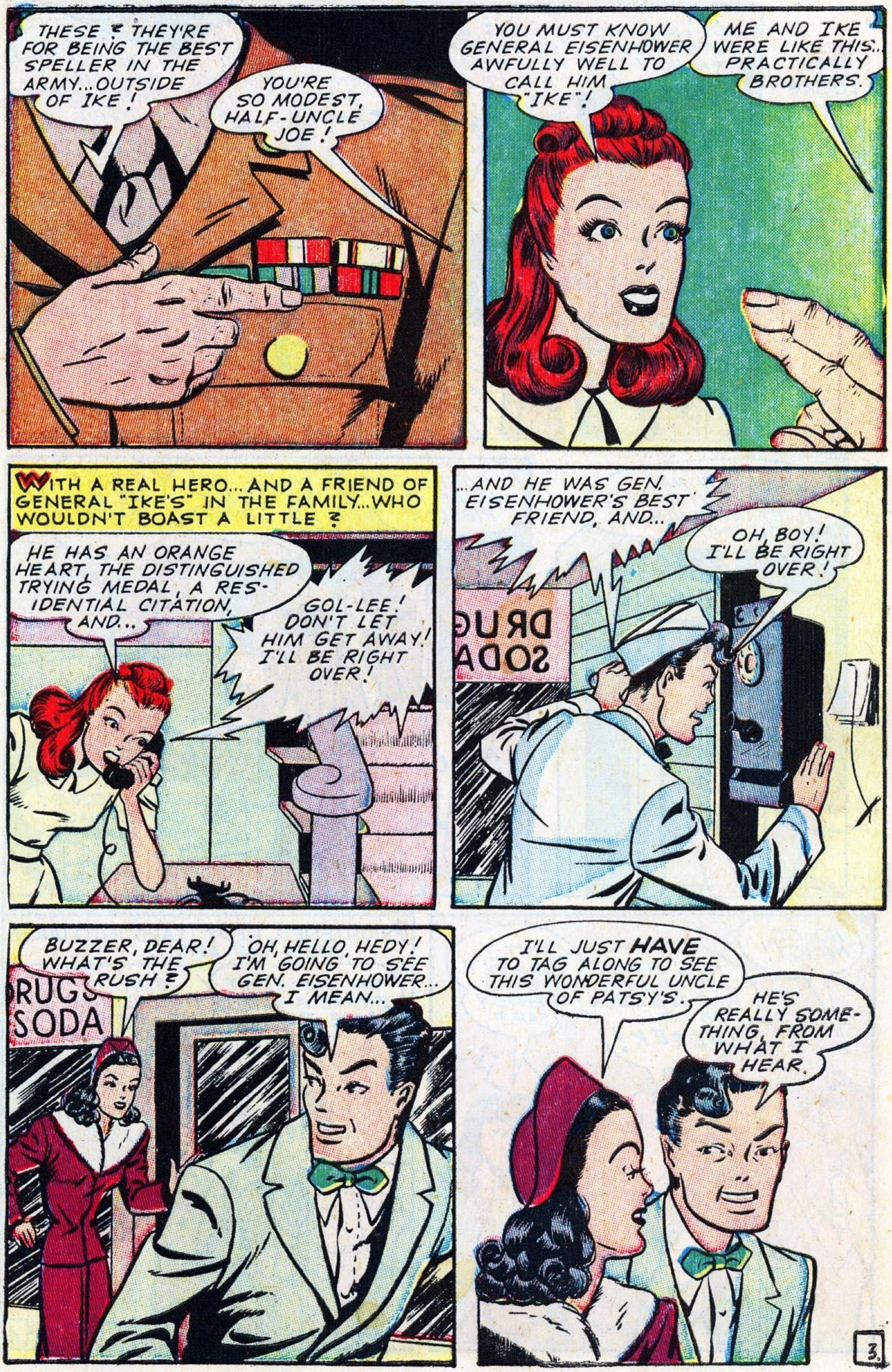

WORLD'S CHAMP
UNCLE
R292

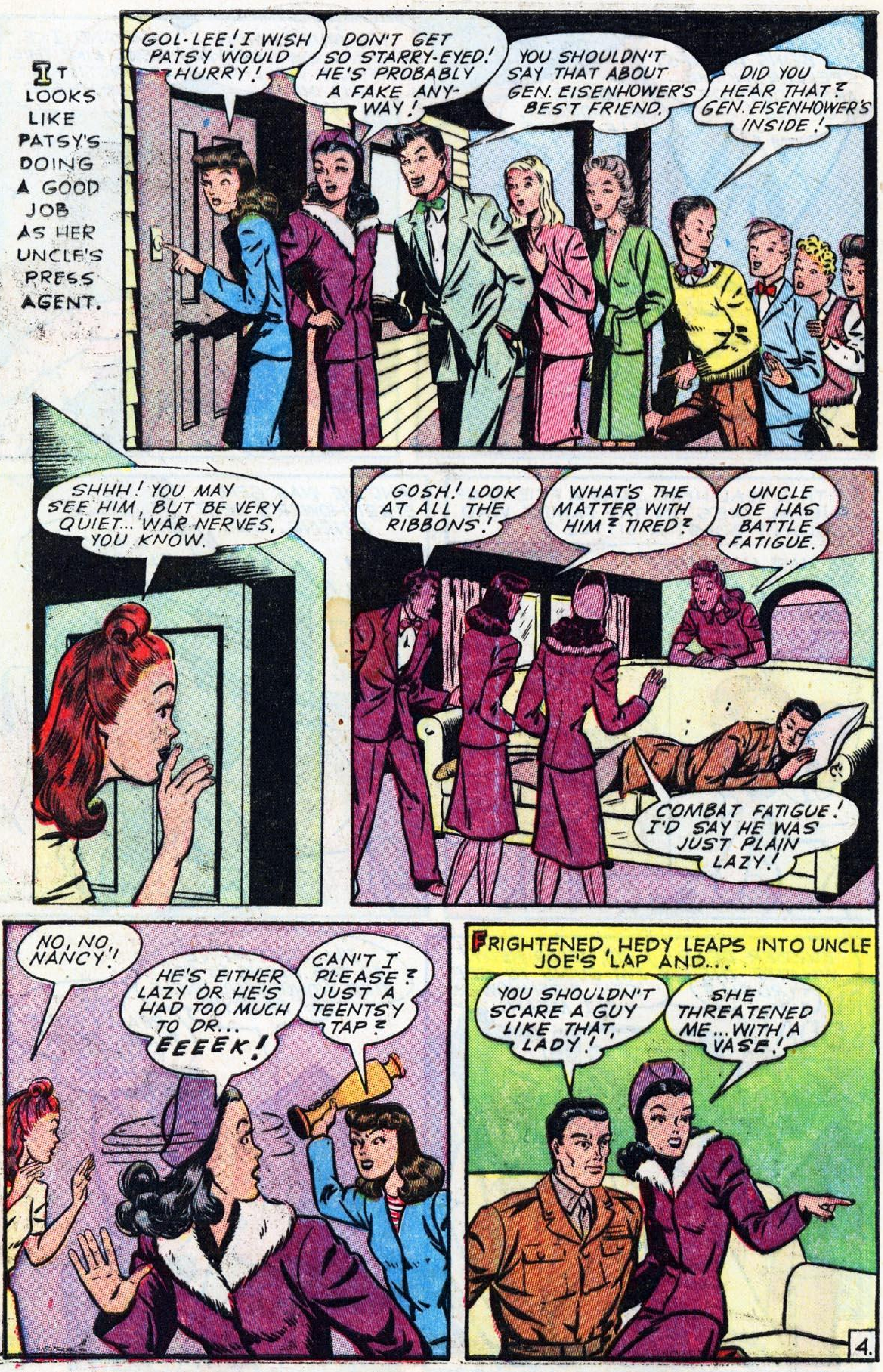
ONE AFTERNOON THERE WAS A RING AT THE WALKER'S FRONT DOOR AND...

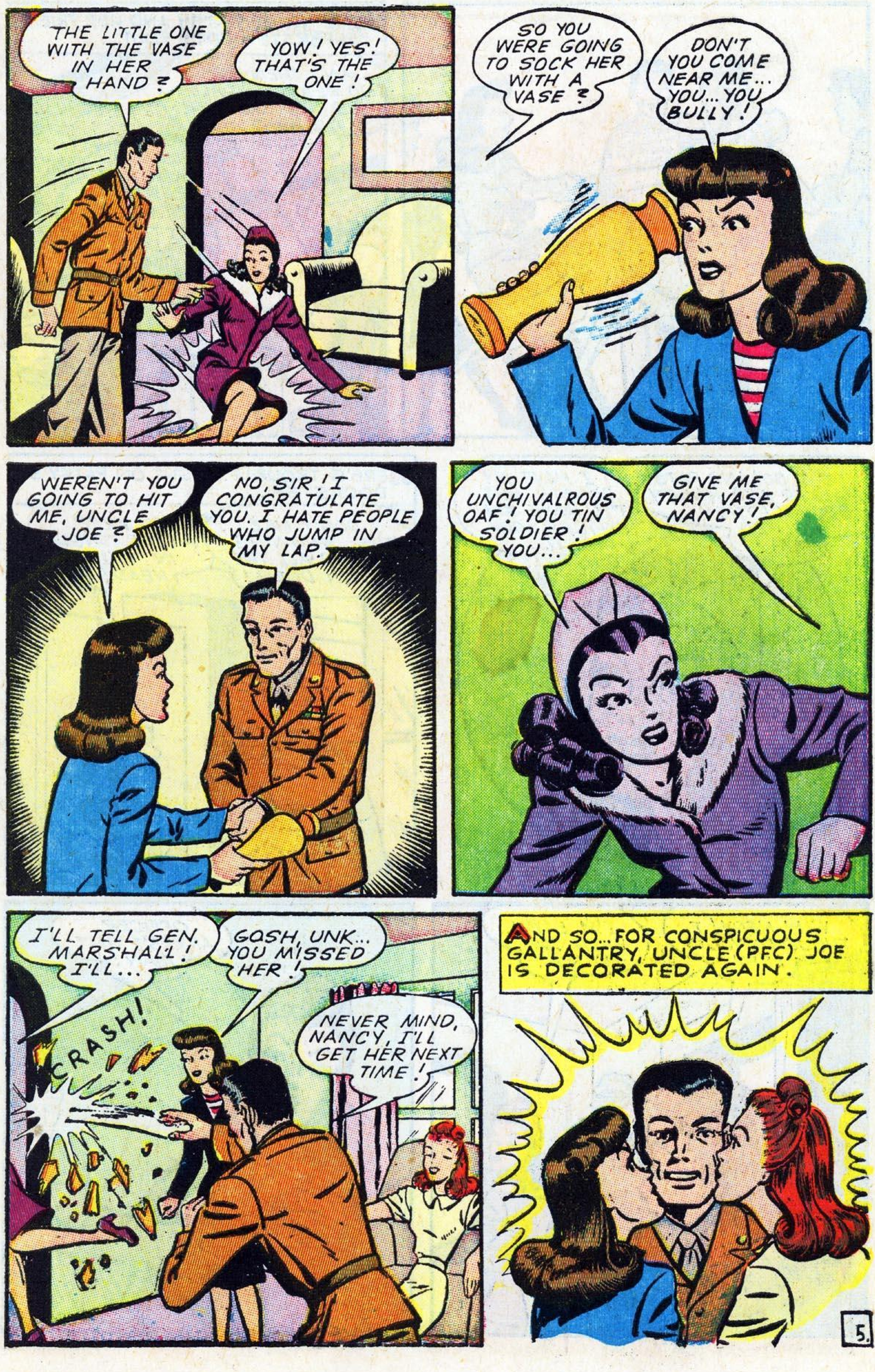

MARY WALKER LIVE HERE, KID?
SHE'S MY MOTHER, BUT WHO ARE YOU?

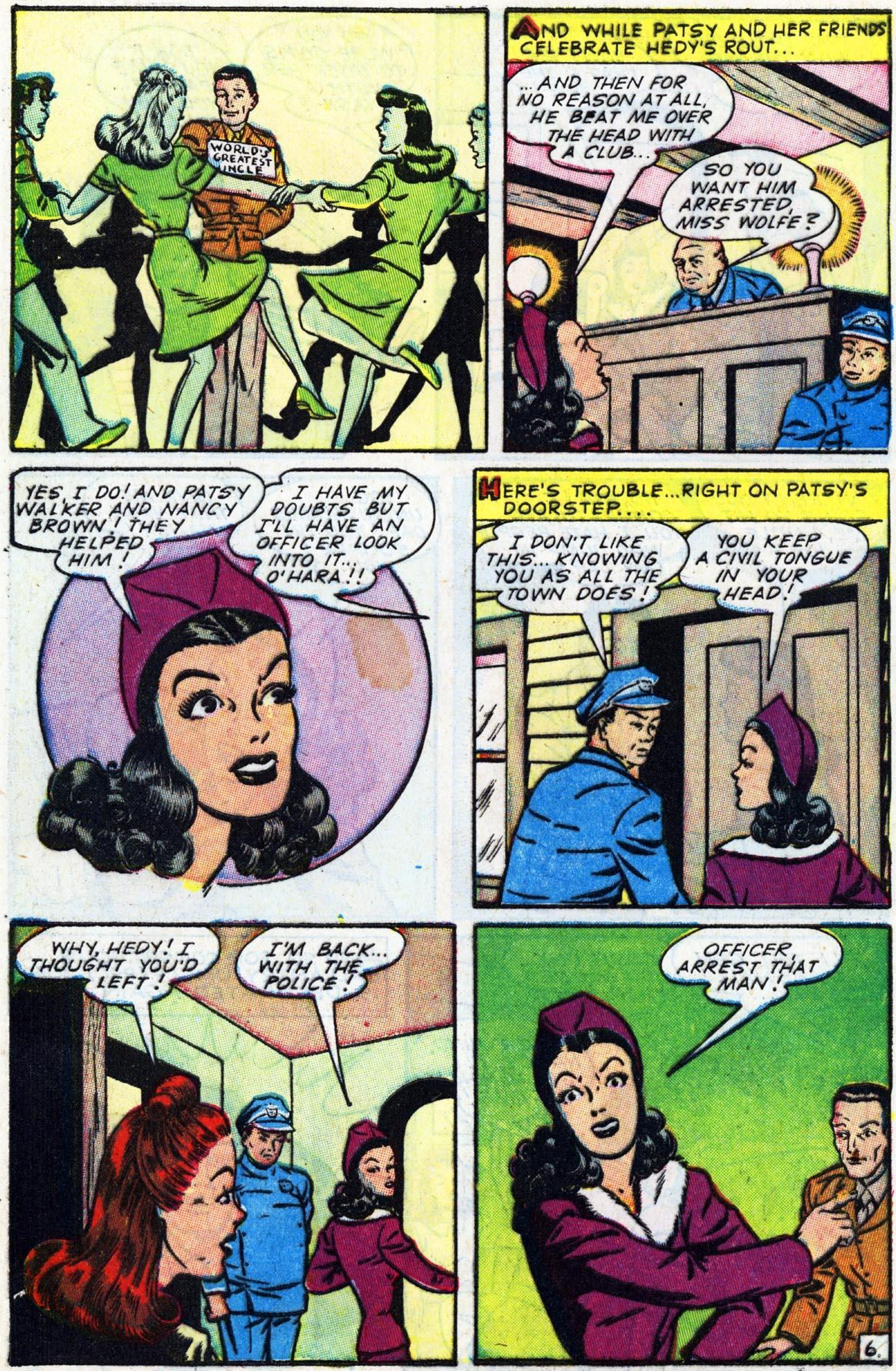

ISN'T THIS RATHER BRASH ON SUCH SHORT ACQUAINTANCE?
HEL-UP! MOM!
SMACK!!

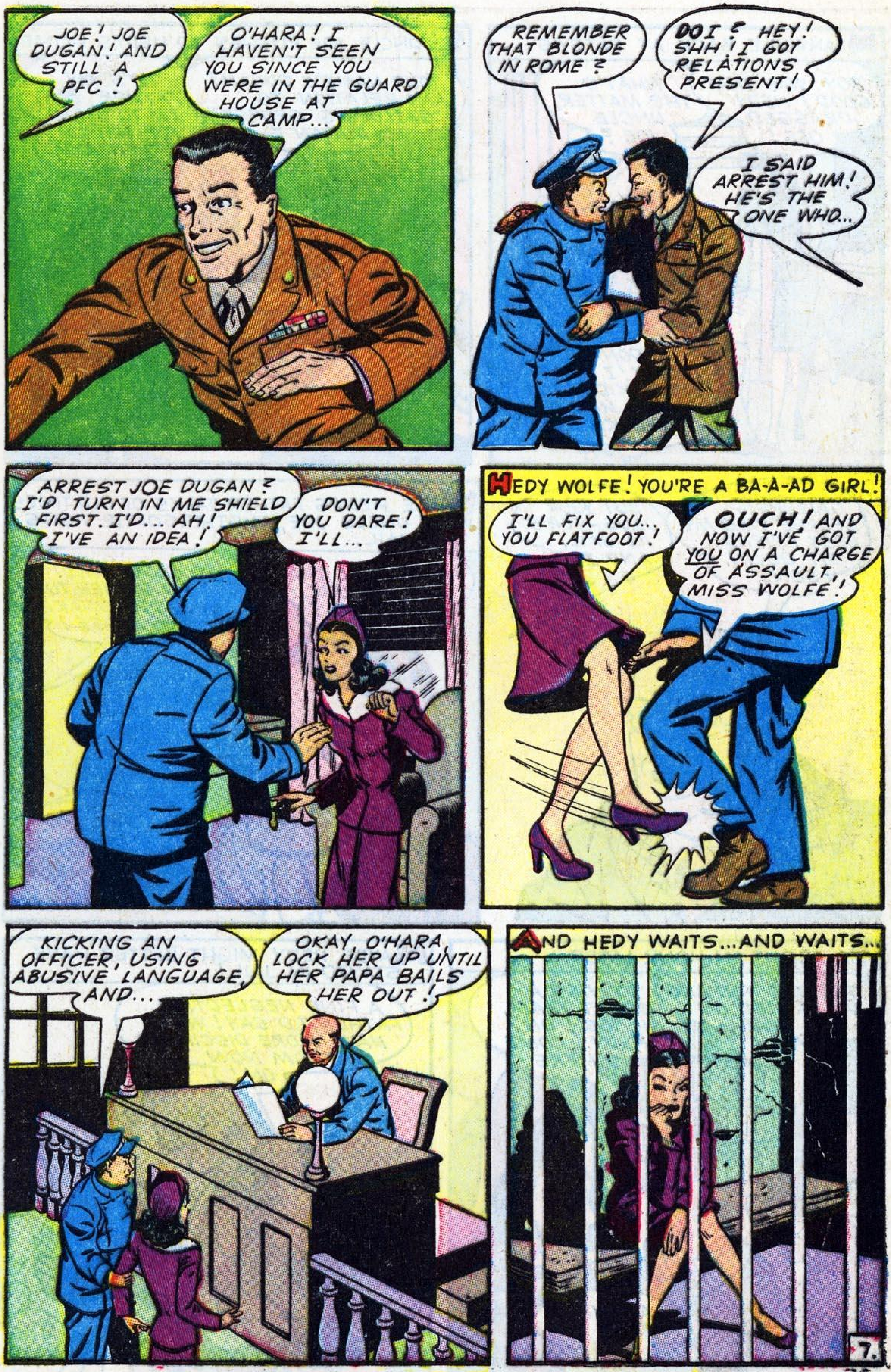

FINE THING WHEN A GIRL ISN'T SAFE IN HER OWN HOME.
MOM! OH, MOM!
NOW JUST A MINUTE, PLEASE!
MY GOODNESS, PATSY! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU?
THE ARMY JUST KISSED ME!
H'YA, MARY!
WHY, JOE, DARLING!
TAKE HIM AWAY, HE'S A MASHER, MOM!
IT'S GREAT TO SEE YOU AGAIN, DARLIN'...
WHY, JOE, DEAR!
I DO NOT THINK FATHER WOULD APPROVE OF THIS, MOTHER!
BUT THIS IS MY HALF-BROTHER JOE DUGAN, PATSY.
HELLO, HALF-UNCLE JOE!
MY GOODNESS, HALF-UNCLE JOE, YOU'VE GOT A LOT OF MEDALS AND THINGS!
"HALF-UNCLE JOE"... THAT'S GOOD, HALF-NIECE PATSY! HAW!

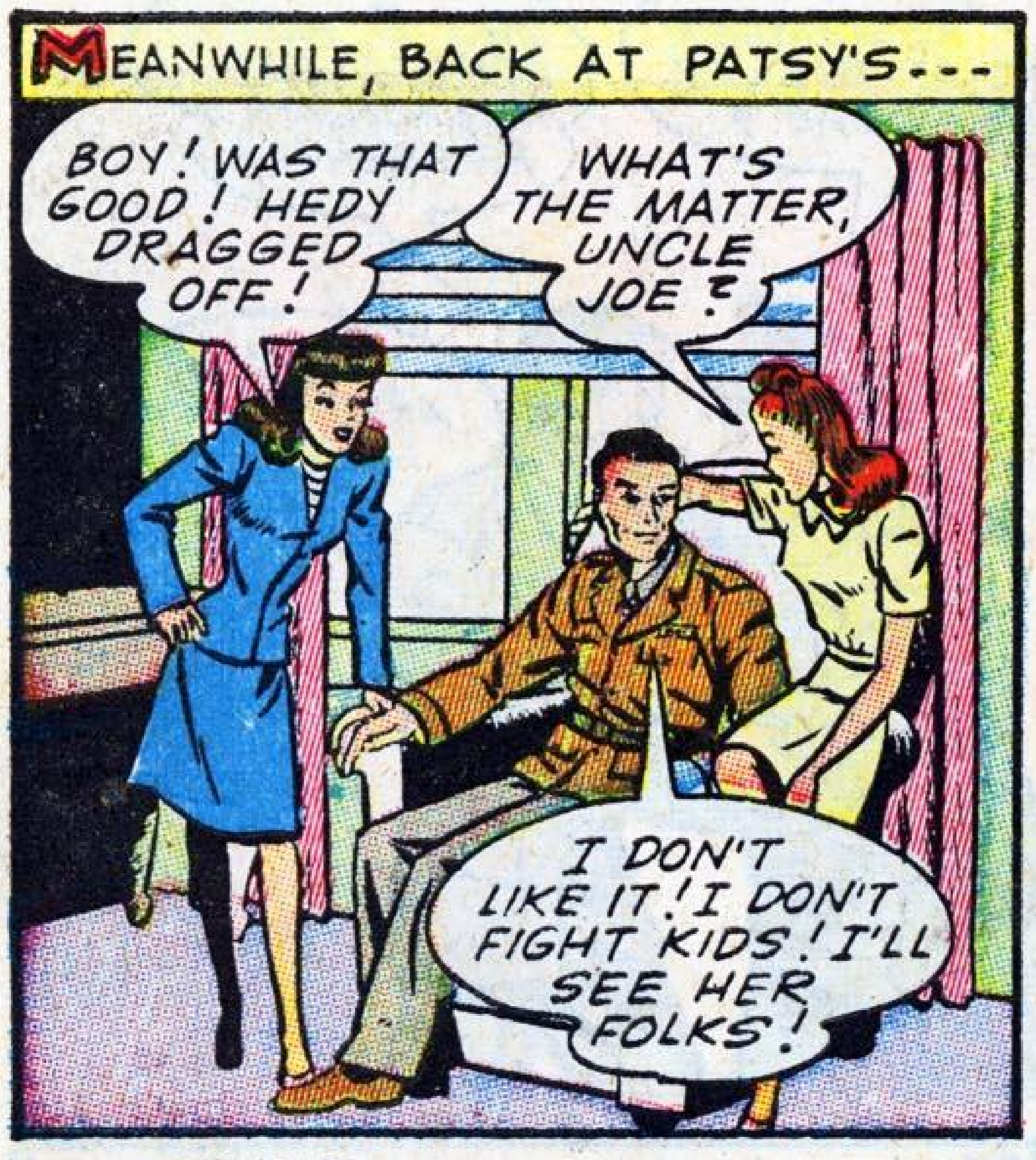

THESE – THEY'RE FOR BEING THE BEST SPELLER IN THE ARMY... OUTSIDE OF IKE!
YOU'RE SO MODEST, HALF-UNCLE JOE!
YOU MUST KNOW GENERAL EISENHOWER AWFULLY WELL TO CALL HIM "IKE"!
ME AND IKE WERE LIKE THIS... PRACTICALLY BROTHERS.
WITH A REAL HERO... AND A FRIEND OF GENERAL "IKE'S" IN THE FAMILY... WHO WOULDN'T BOAST A LITTLE?
HE HAS AN ORANGE HEART, THE DISTINGUISHED TRYING MEDAL, A RESIDENTIAL CITATION, AND...
GOL-LEE! DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY! I'LL BE RIGHT OVER!
...AND HE WAS GEN. EISENHOWER'S BEST FRIEND, AND...
OH, BOY! I'LL BE RIGHT OVER!
DRUG SODA
BUZZER, DEAR! WHAT'S THE RUSH?
OH, HELLO, HEDY! I'M GOING TO SEE GEN. EISENHOWER... I MEAN...
DRUGS SODA
I'LL JUST HAVE TO TAG ALONG TO SEE THIS WONDERFUL UNCLE OF PATSY'S.
HE'S REALLY SOMETHING, FROM WHAT I HEAR.

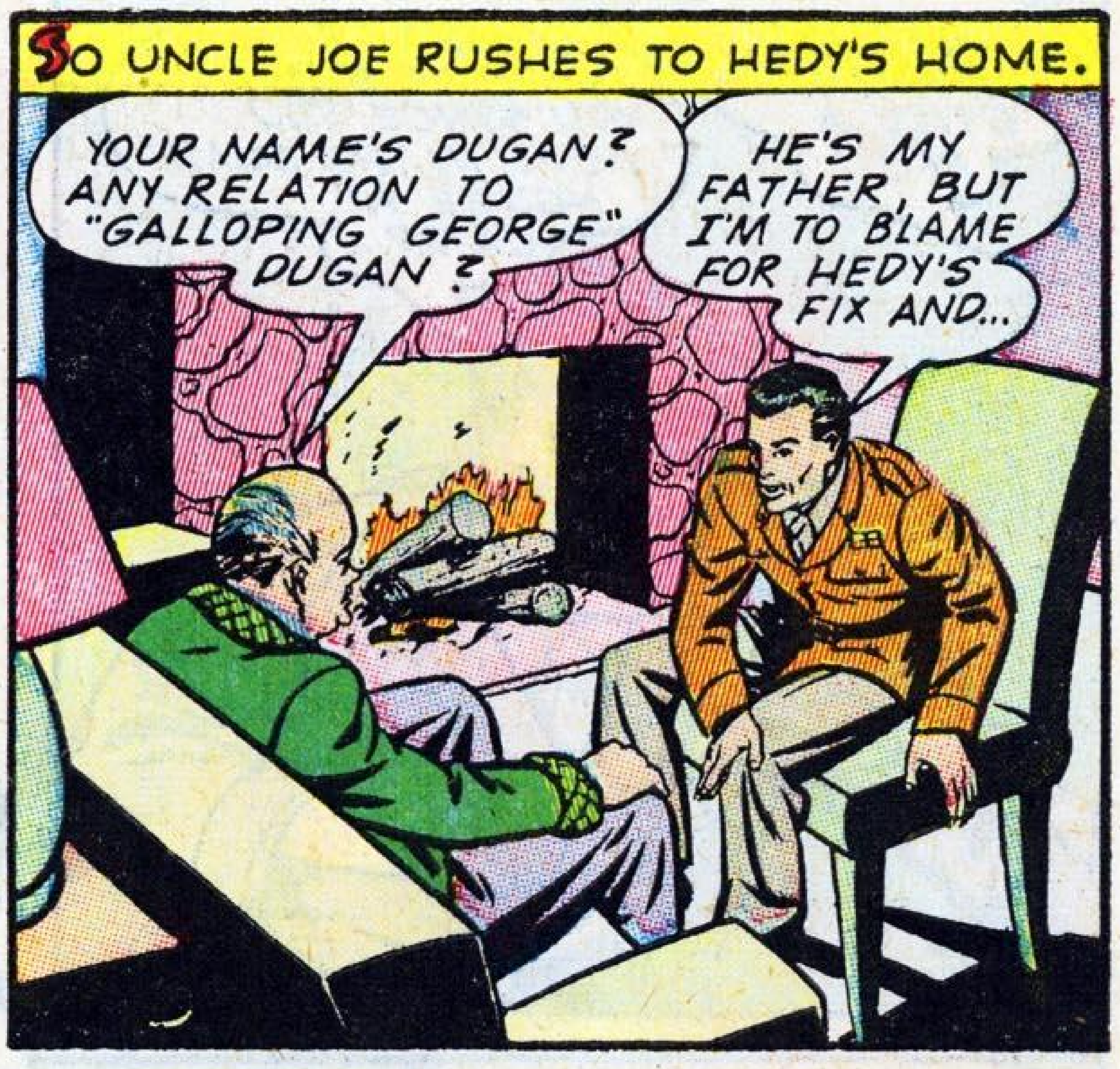

IT LOOKS LIKE PATSY'S DOING A GOOD JOB AS HER UNCLE'S PRESS AGENT.
GOL-LEE! I WISH PATSY WOULD HURRY!
DON'T GET SO STARRY-EYED! HE'S PROBABLY A FAKE ANYWAY!
YOU SHOULDN'T SAY THAT ABOUT GEN. EISENHOWER'S BEST FRIEND.
DID YOU HEAR THAT? GEN. EISENHOWER'S INSIDE!
SHHH! YOU MAY SEE HIM, BUT BE VERY QUIET... WAR NERVES, YOU KNOW.
GOSH! LOOK AT ALL THE RIBBONS!
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HIM? TIRED?
UNCLE JOE HAS BATTLE FATIGUE.
COMBAT FATIGUE! I'D SAY HE WAS JUST PLAIN LAZY!
NO, NO, NANCY!
HE'S EITHER LAZY OR HE'S HAD TOO MUCH TO DR... EEEEK!
CAN'T I PLEASE? JUST A TEENTSY TAP?
FRIGHTENED, HEDY LEAPS INTO UNCLE JOE'S LAP AND...
YOU SHOULDN'T SCARE A GUY LIKE THAT, LADY!
SHE THREATENED ME... WITH A VASE!

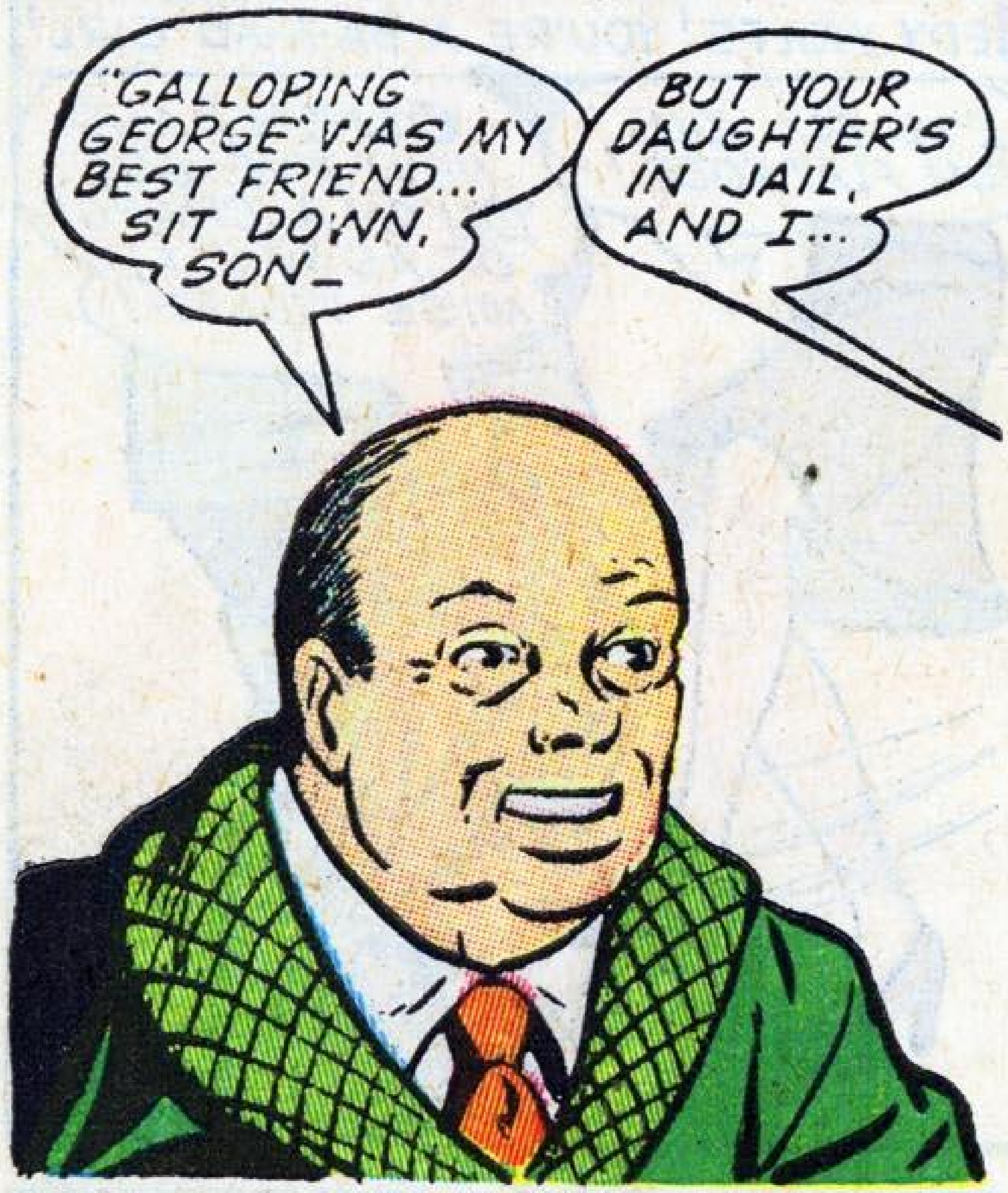

THE LITTLE ONE WITH THE VASE IN HER HAND?
YOW! YES! THAT'S THE ONE!
SO YOU WERE GOING TO SOCK HER WITH A VASE?
DON'T YOU COME NEAR ME... YOU... YOU BULLY!
WEREN'T YOU GOING TO HIT ME, UNCLE JOE?
NO, SIR! I CONGRATULATE YOU. I HATE PEOPLE WHO JUMP IN MY LAP.
YOU UNCHIVALROUS OAF! YOU TIN SOLDIER! YOU...
GIVE ME THAT VASE, NANCY!
I'LL TELL GEN. MARSHALL! I'LL...
GOSH, UNK... YOU MISSED HER!
CRASH!
NEVER MIND, NANCY, I'LL GET HER NEXT TIME!
AND SO... FOR CONSPICUOUS GALLANTRY, UNCLE (PFC) JOE IS DECORATED AGAIN.

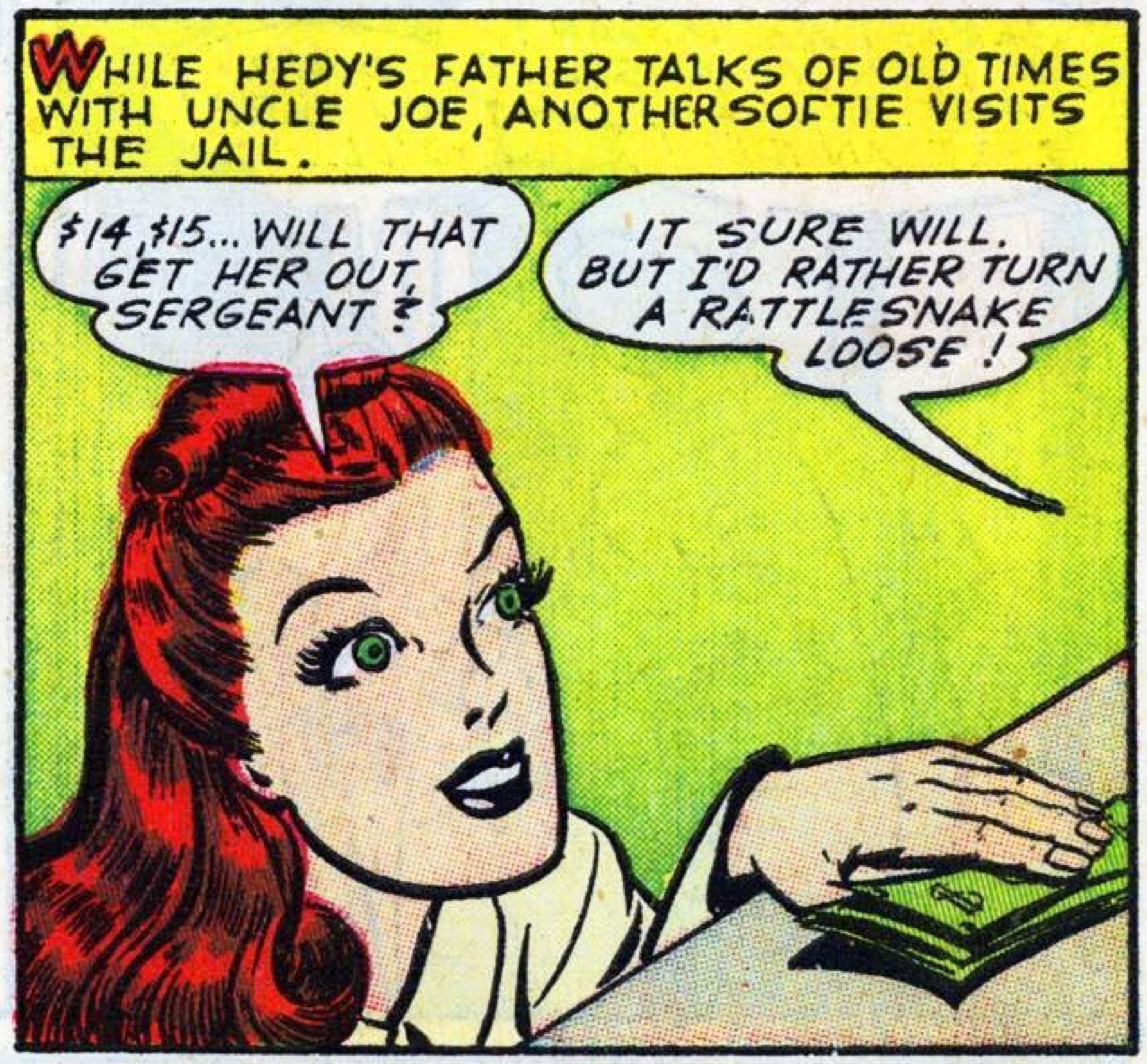

WORLD'S GREATEST UNCLE
AND WHILE PATSY AND HER FRIENDS CELEBRATE HEDY'S ROUT...
...AND THEN FOR NO REASON AT ALL, HE BEAT ME OVER THE HEAD WITH A CLUB...
SO YOU WANT HIM ARRESTED, MISS WOLFE?
YES, I DO! AND PATSY WALKER AND NANCY BROWN! THEY HELPED HIM!
I HAVE MY DOUBTS BUT I'LL HAVE AN OFFICER LOOK INTO IT... O'HARA!!
HERE'S TROUBLE...RIGHT ON PATSY'S DOORSTEP....
I DON'T LIKE THIS... KNOWING YOU AS ALL THE TOWN DOES!
YOU KEEP A CIVIL TONGUE IN YOUR HEAD!
WHY, HEDY! I THOUGHT YOU'D LEFT!
I'M BACK... WITH THE POLICE!
OFFICER, ARREST THAT MAN!

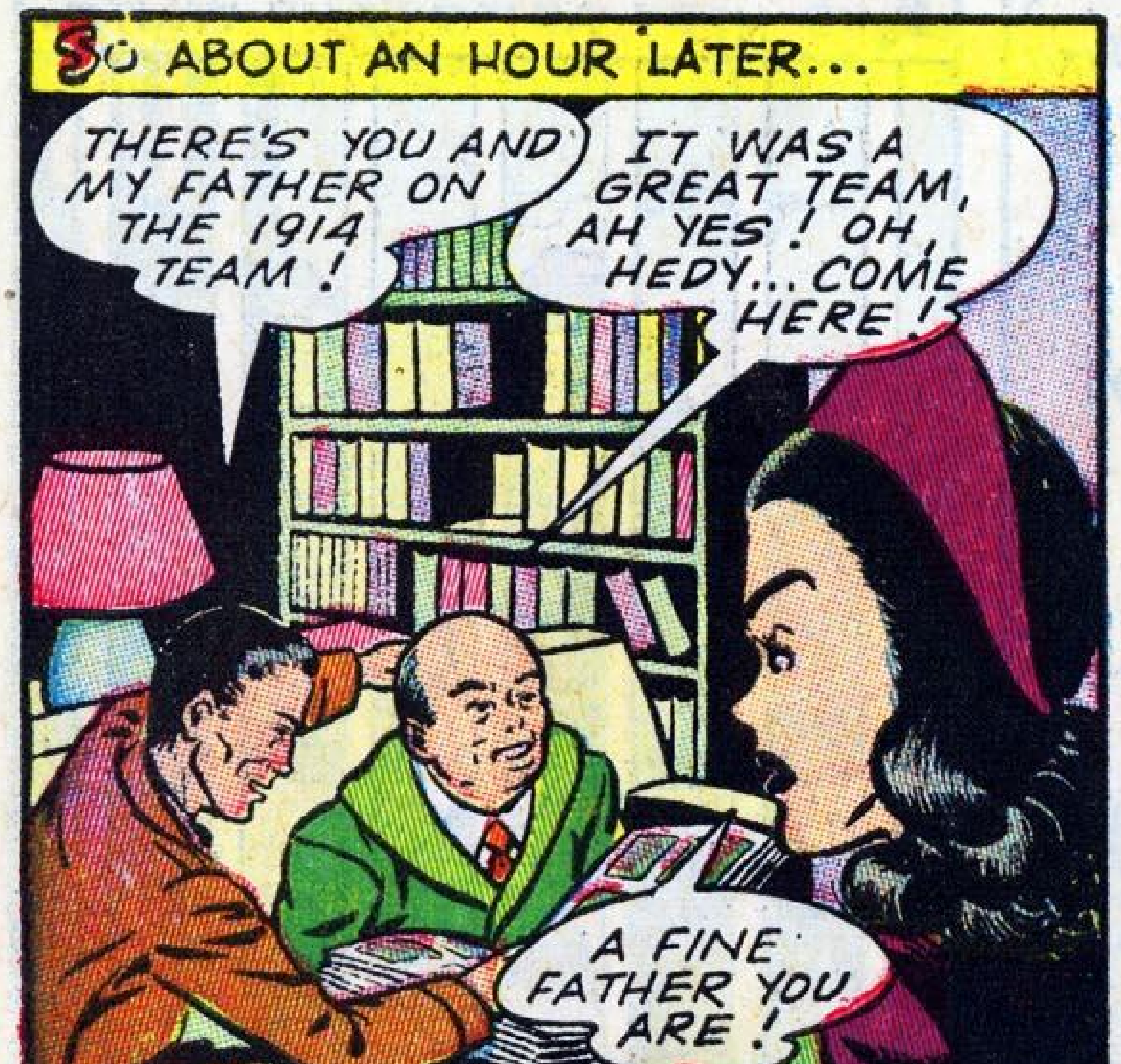

JOE! JOE DUGAN! AND STILL A PFC!
O'HARA! I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU SINCE YOU WERE IN THE GUARD HOUSE AT CAMP...
REMEMBER THAT BLONDE IN ROME?
DO I? HEY! SHH! I GOT RELATIONS PRESENT!
I SAID ARREST HIM! HE'S THE ONE WHO...
ARREST JOE DUGAN? I'D TURN IN ME SHIELD FIRST. I'D... AH! I'VE AN IDEA!
DON'T YOU DARE! I'LL...
HEDY WOLFE! YOU'RE A BA-A-AD GIRL!
I'LL FIX YOU.. YOU FLATFOOT!
OUCH! AND NOW I'VE GOT YOU ON A CHARGE OF ASSAULT, MISS WOLFE!
KICKING AN OFFICER, USING ABUSIVE LANGUAGE, AND...
OKAY, O'HARA, LOCK HER UP UNTIL HER PAPA BAILS HER OUT!
AND HEDY WAITS...AND WAITS...

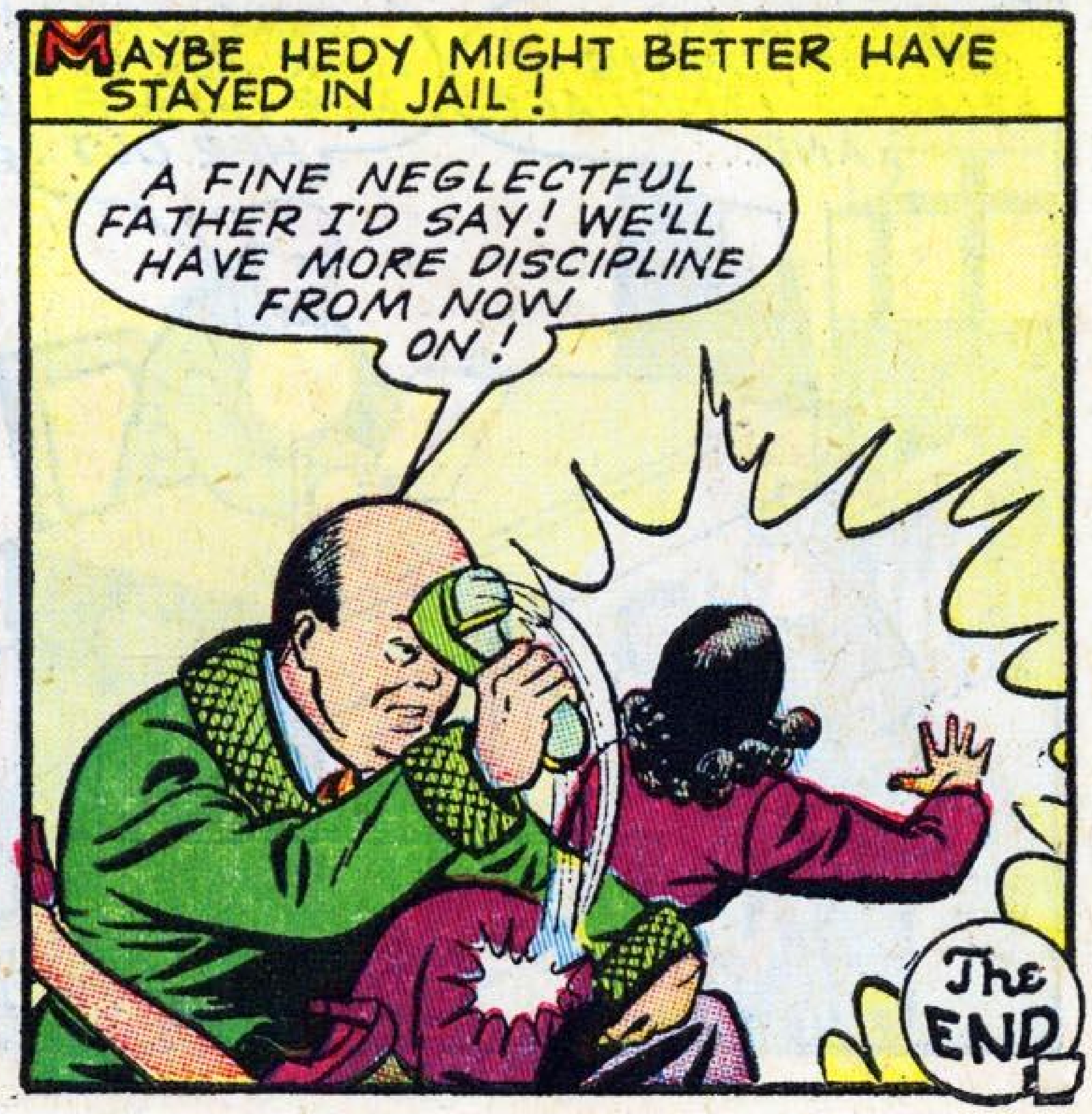

MEANWHILE, BACK AT PATSY'S...
BOY! WAS THAT GOOD! HEDY DRAGGED OFF!
WHAT'S THE MATTER, UNCLE JOE?
I DON'T LIKE IT! I DON'T FIGHT KIDS! I'LL SEE HER FOLKS!

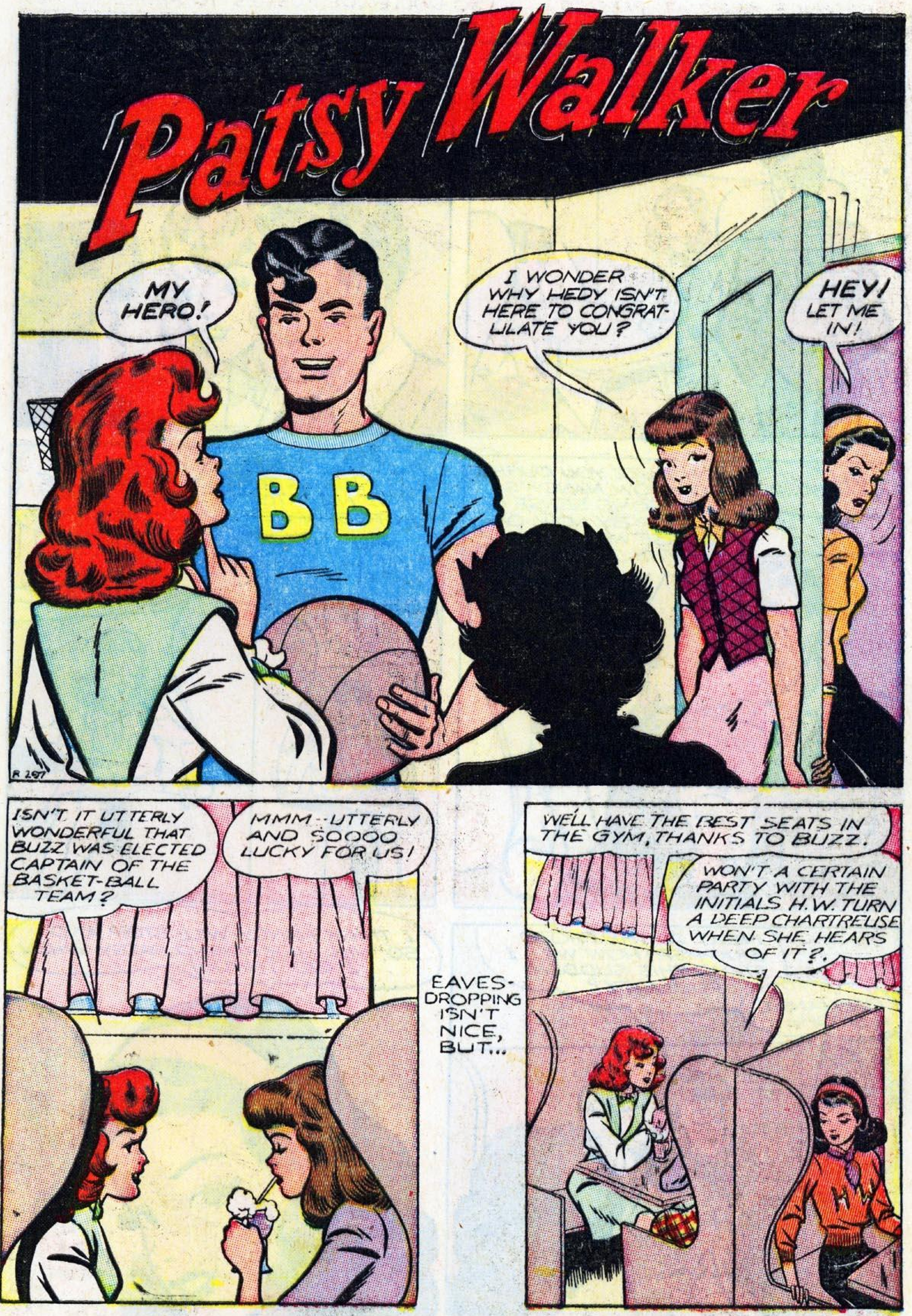

SO UNCLE JOE RUSHES TO HEDY'S HOME.
YOUR NAME'S DUGAN? ANY RELATION TO "GALLOPING GEORGE" DUGAN?
HE'S MY FATHER, BUT I'M TO BLAME FOR HEDY'S FIX AND...

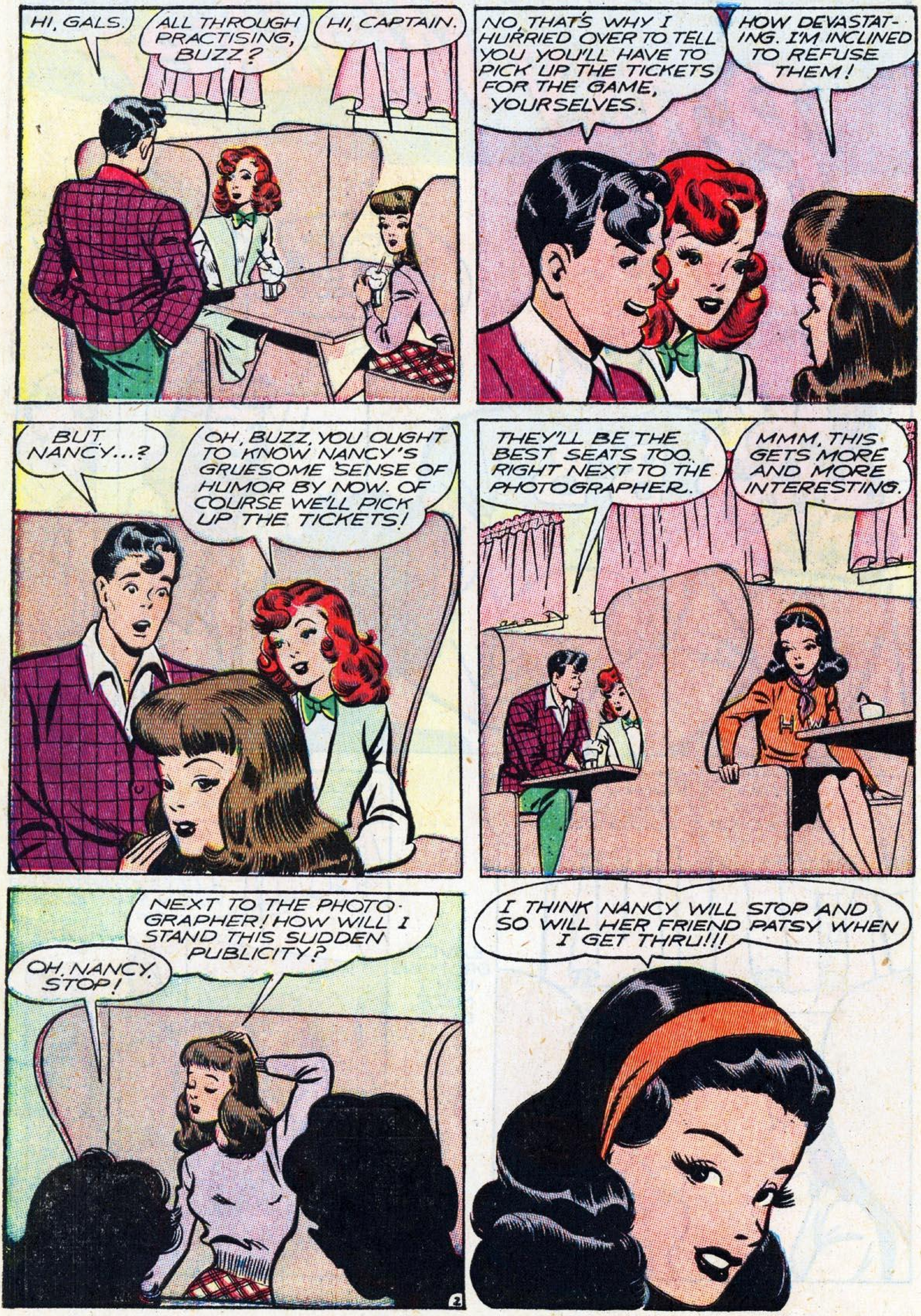

"GALLOPING GEORGE" WAS MY BEST FRIEND... SIT DOWN, SON—
BUT YOUR DAUGHTER'S IN JAIL, AND I...

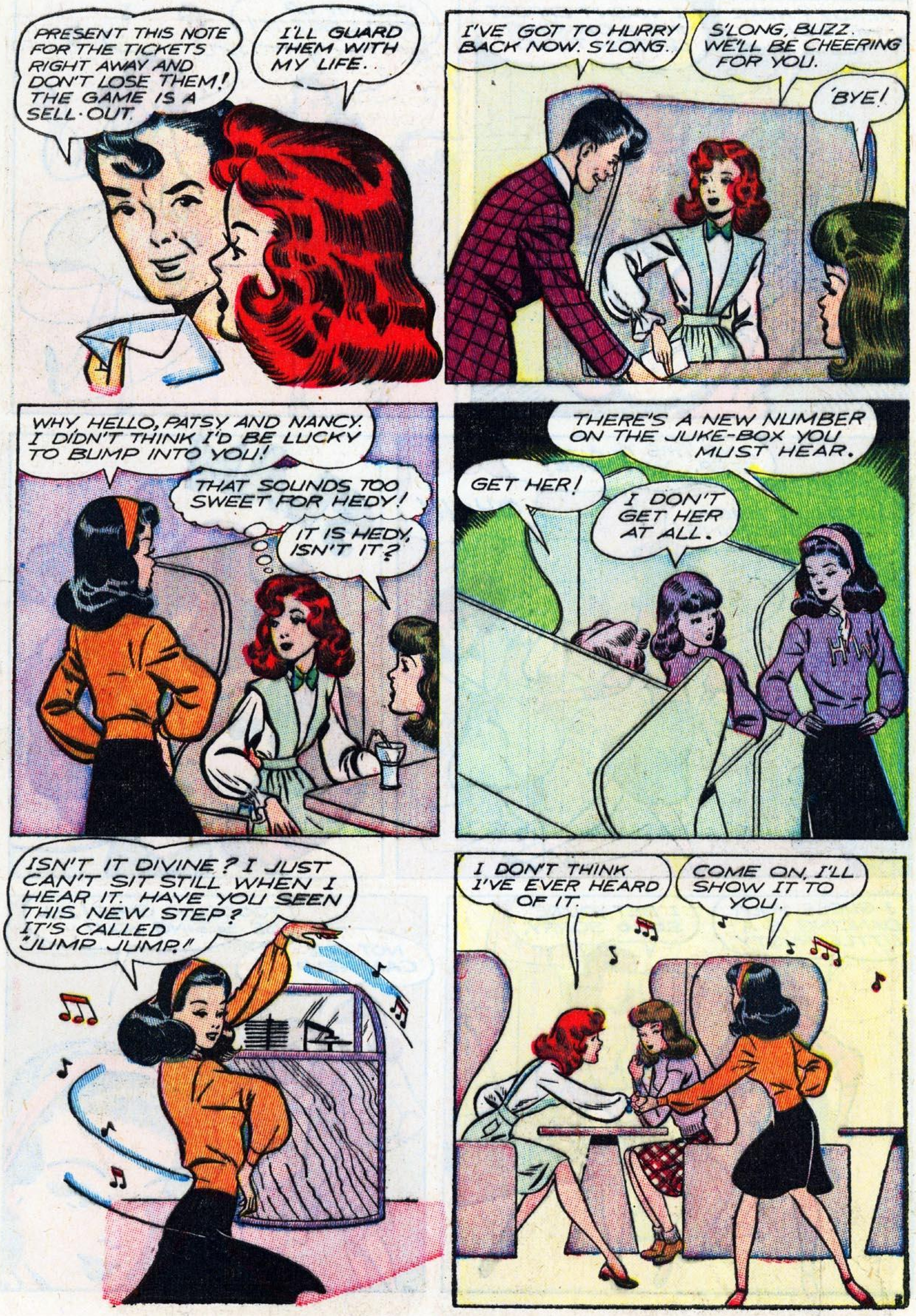

WHILE HEDY'S FATHER TALKS OF OLD TIMES WITH UNCLE JOE, ANOTHER SOFTIE VISITS THE JAIL.
$14, $15... WILL THAT GET HER OUT, SERGEANT?
IT SURE WILL. BUT I'D RATHER TURN A RATTLESNAKE LOOSE!

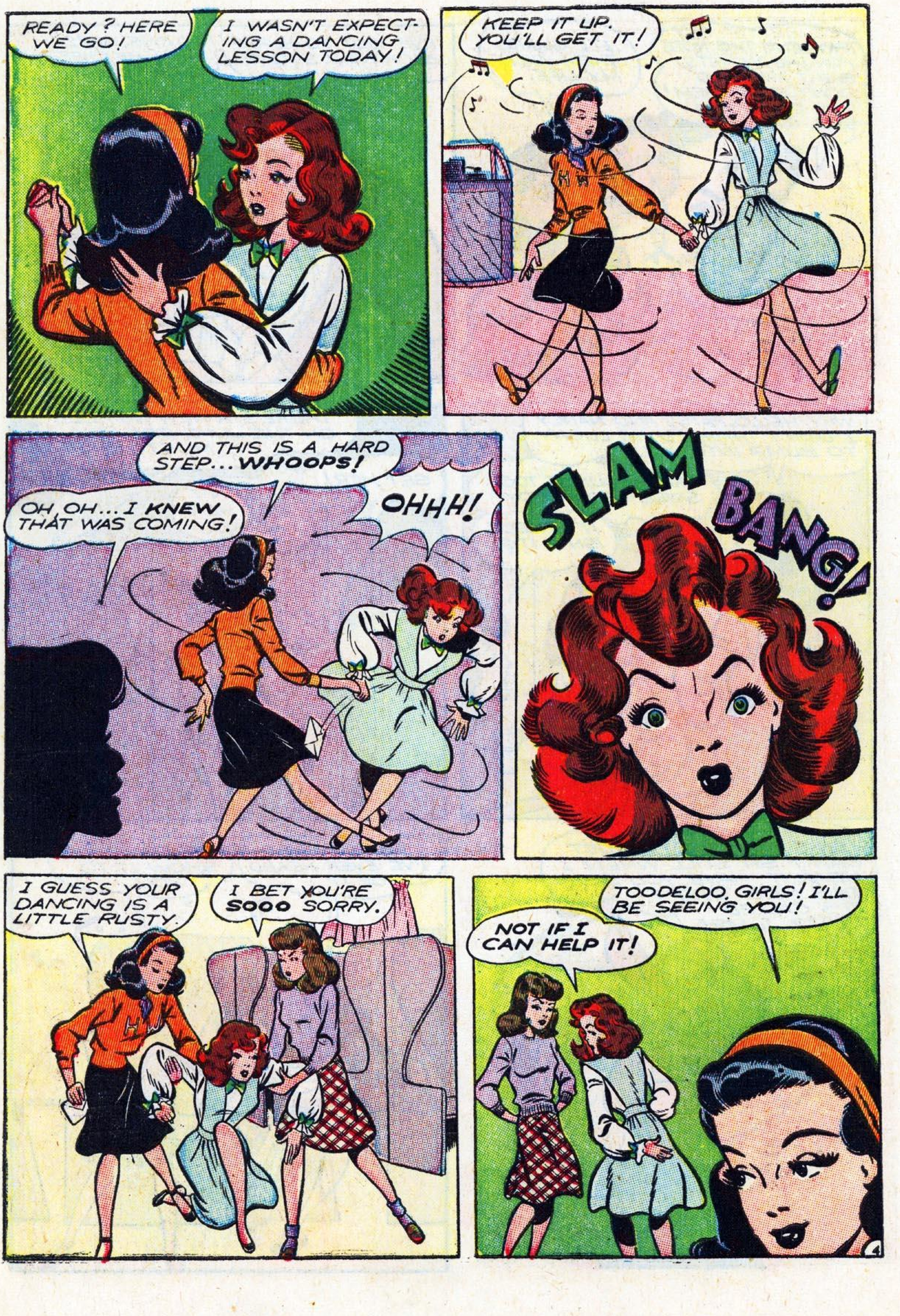

SO ABOUT AN HOUR LATER...
THERE'S YOU AND MY FATHER ON THE 1914 TEAM!
IT WAS A GREAT TEAM, AH YES! OH, HEDY... COME HERE!
A FINE FATHER YOU ARE!

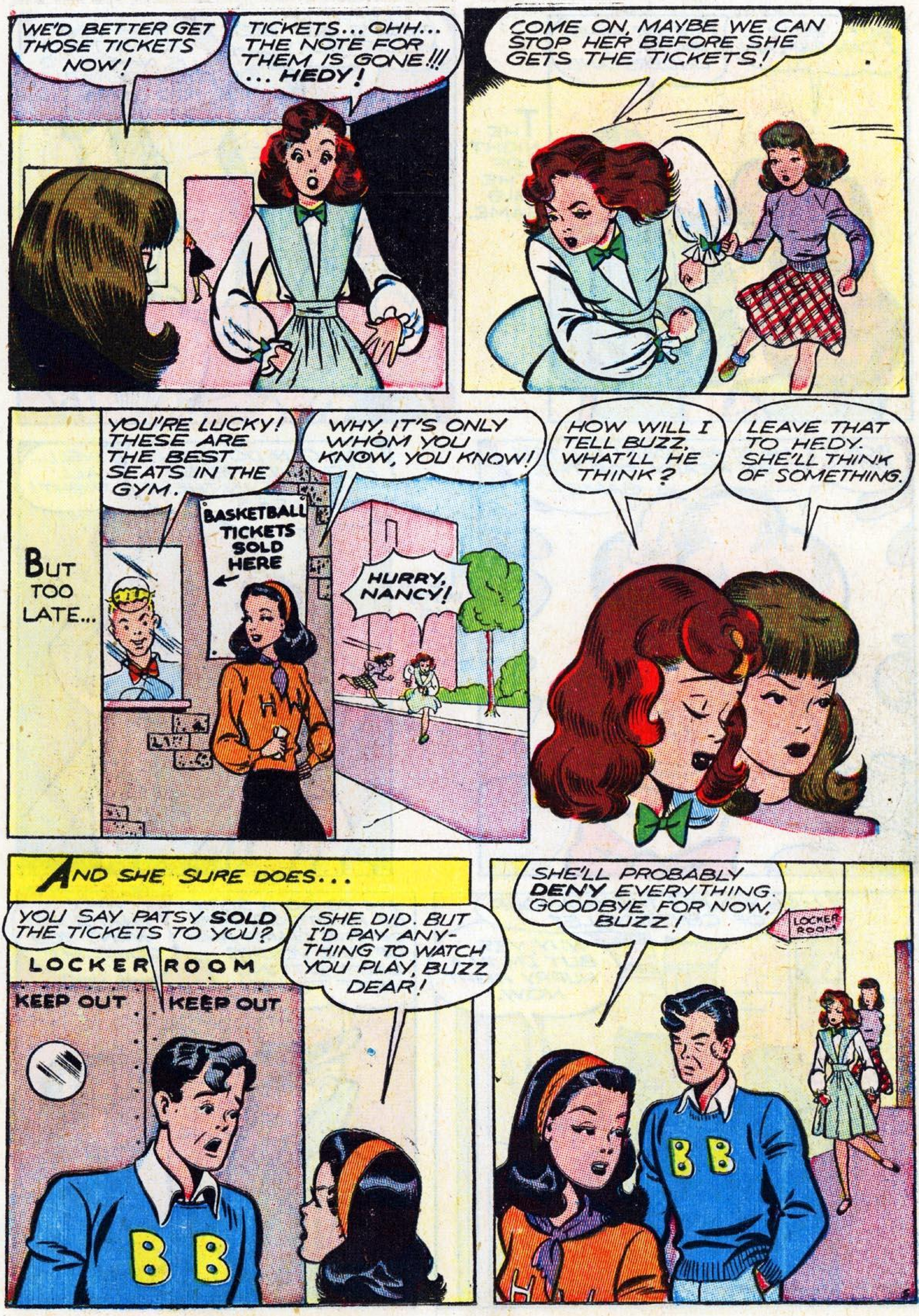

MAYBE HEDY MIGHT BETTER HAVE STAYED IN JAIL!
A FINE NEGLECTFUL FATHER I'D SAY! WE'LL HAVE MORE DISCIPLINE FROM NOW ON!
The END

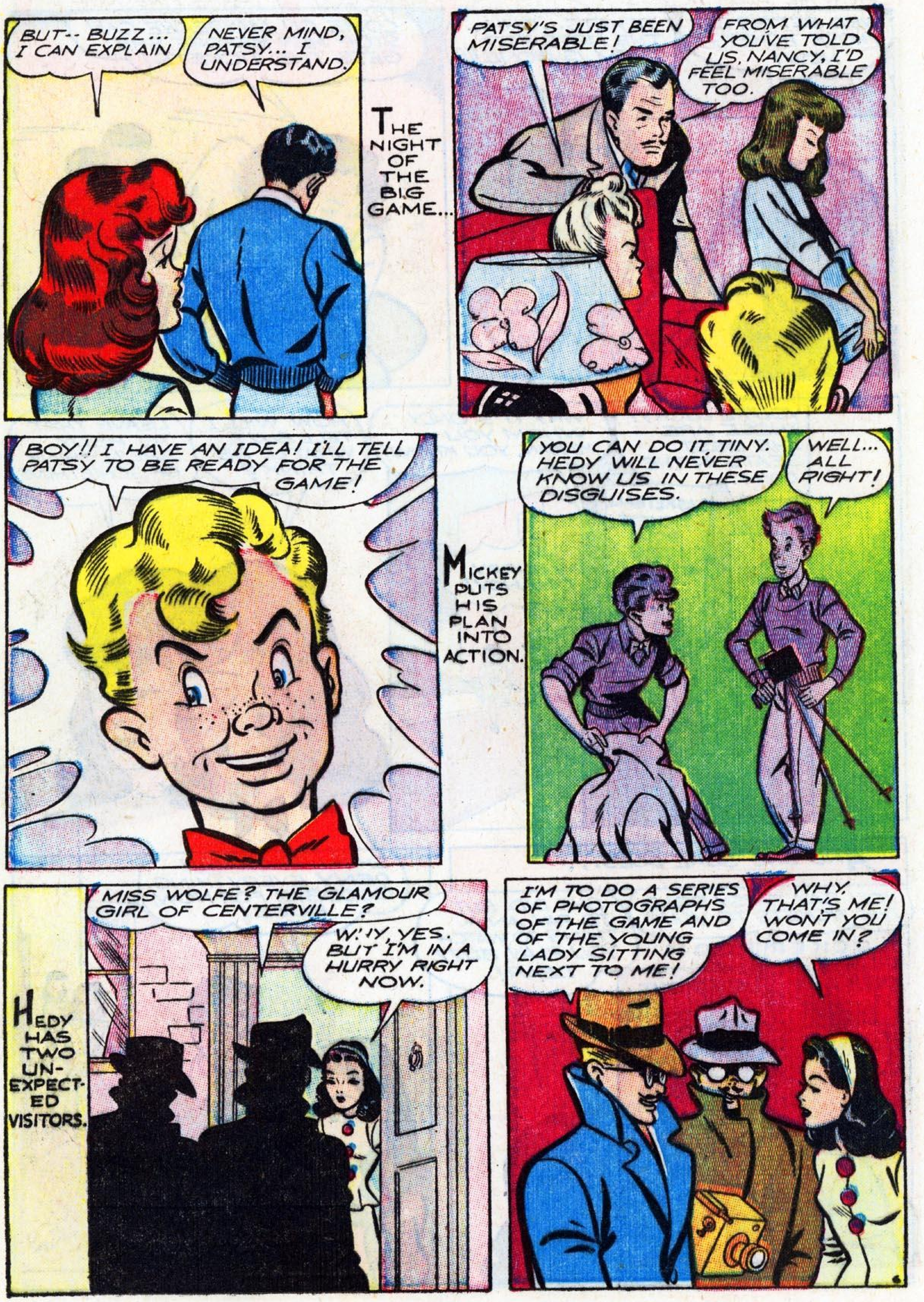

Patsy Walker
MY HERO!
I WONDER WHY HEDY ISN'T HERE TO CONGRATULATE YOU?
HEY! LET ME IN!
BB
R 287
ISN'T IT UTTERLY WONDERFUL THAT BUZZ WAS ELECTED CAPTAIN OF THE BASKET-BALL TEAM?
MMM--UTTERLY AND SOOOO LUCKY FOR US!
EAVES-DROPPING ISN'T NICE, BUT...
WE'LL HAVE THE BEST SEATS IN THE GYM, THANKS TO BUZZ.
WON'T A CERTAIN PARTY WITH THE INITIALS H.W. TURN A DEEP CHARTREUSE WHEN SHE HEARS OF IT?

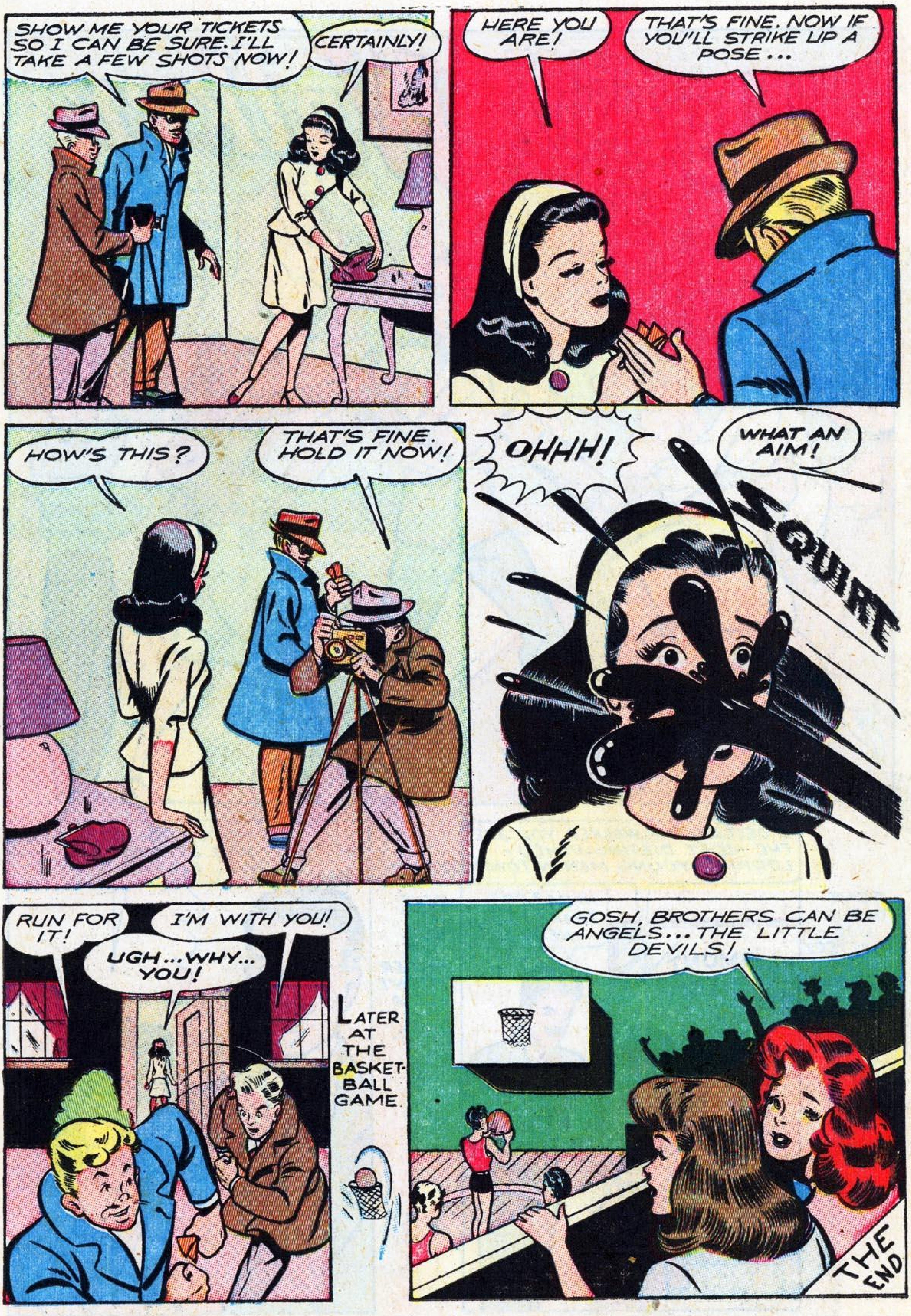

HI, GALS.
ALL THROUGH PRACTISING, BUZZ?
HI, CAPTAIN.
NO, THAT'S WHY I HURRIED OVER TO TELL YOU YOU'LL HAVE TO PICK UP THE TICKETS FOR THE GAME, YOURSELVES.
HOW DEVASTATING. I'M INCLINED TO REFUSE THEM!
BUT NANCY...?
OH, BUZZ, YOU OUGHT TO KNOW NANCY'S GRUESOME SENSE OF HUMOR BY NOW. OF COURSE WE'LL PICK UP THE TICKETS!
THEY'LL BE THE BEST SEATS TOO.. RIGHT NEXT TO THE PHOTOGRAPHER.
MMM, THIS GETS MORE AND MORE INTERESTING.
NEXT TO THE PHOTOGRAPHER! HOW WILL I STAND THIS SUDDEN PUBLICITY?
OH, NANCY, STOP!
I THINK NANCY WILL STOP AND SO WILL HER FRIEND PATSY WHEN I GET THRU!!!
2


PRESENT THIS NOTE FOR THE TICKETS RIGHT AWAY AND DON'T LOSE THEM! THE GAME IS A SELL-OUT.
I'LL GUARD THEM WITH MY LIFE..
I'VE GOT TO HURRY BACK NOW. S'LONG.
S'LONG, BUZZ. WE'LL BE CHEERING FOR YOU.
'BYE!
WHY, HELLO, PATSY AND NANCY. I DIDN'T THINK I'D BE LUCKY TO BUMP INTO YOU!
THAT SOUNDS TOO SWEET FOR HEDY!
IT IS HEDY, ISN'T IT?
THERE'S A NEW NUMBER ON THE JUKE-BOX YOU MUST HEAR.
GET HER!
I DON'T GET HER AT ALL.
ISN'T IT DIVINE? I JUST CAN'T SIT STILL WHEN I HEAR IT. HAVE YOU SEEN THIS NEW STEP? IT'S CALLED "JUMP JUMP."
I DON'T THINK I'VE EVER HEARD OF IT.
COME ON, I'LL SHOW IT TO YOU.

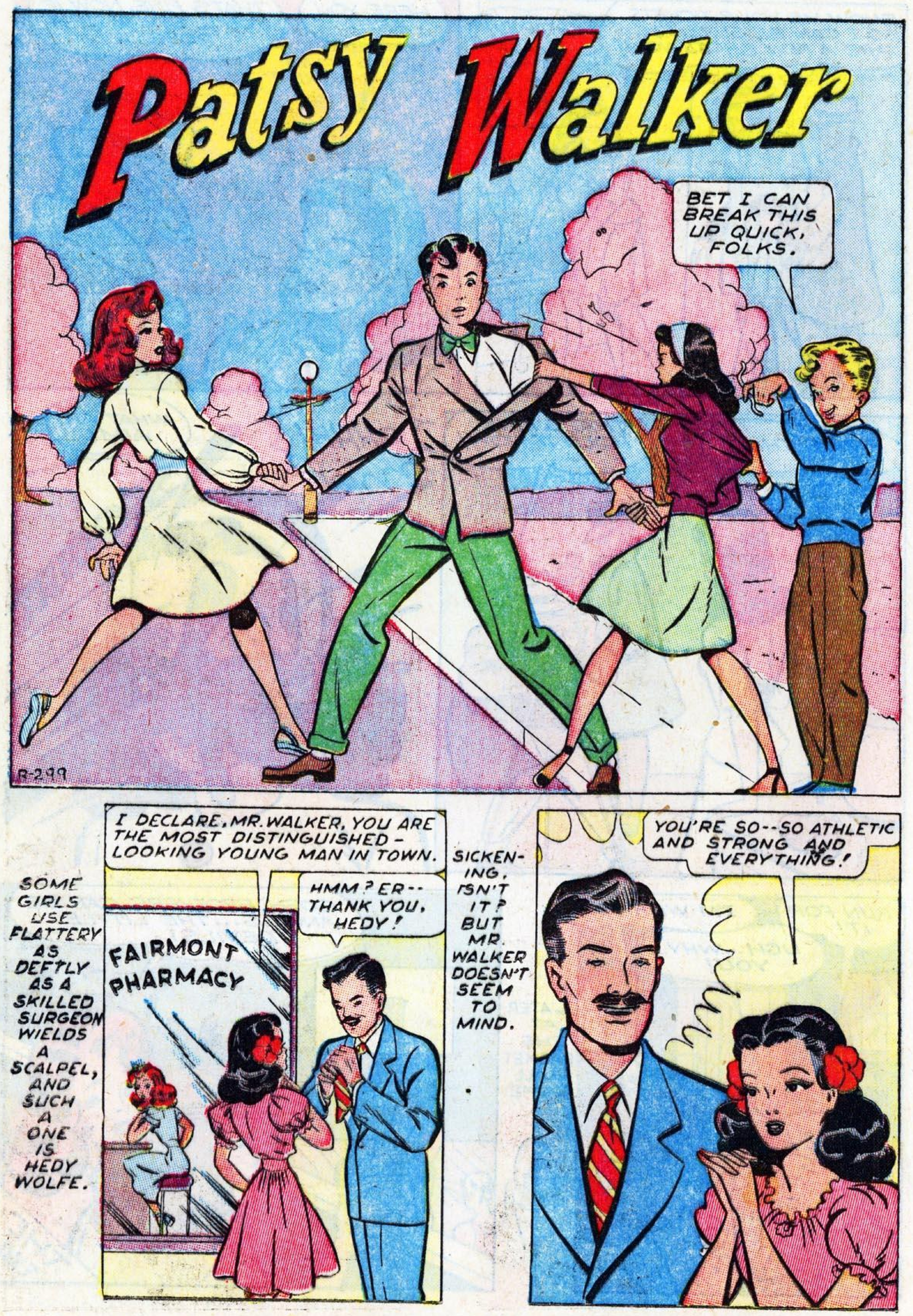

READY ? HERE WE GO!
I WASN'T EXPECTING A DANCING LESSON TODAY!
KEEP IT UP. YOU'LL GET IT!
AND THIS IS A HARD STEP... **WHOOPS!**
OH, OH... I **KNEW** THAT WAS COMING!
OHHH!
SLAM
BANG!
I GUESS YOUR DANCING IS A LITTLE RUSTY.
I BET YOU'RE **SOOO** SORRY.
TOODELOO, GIRLS! I'LL BE SEEING YOU!
NOT IF I CAN HELP IT!

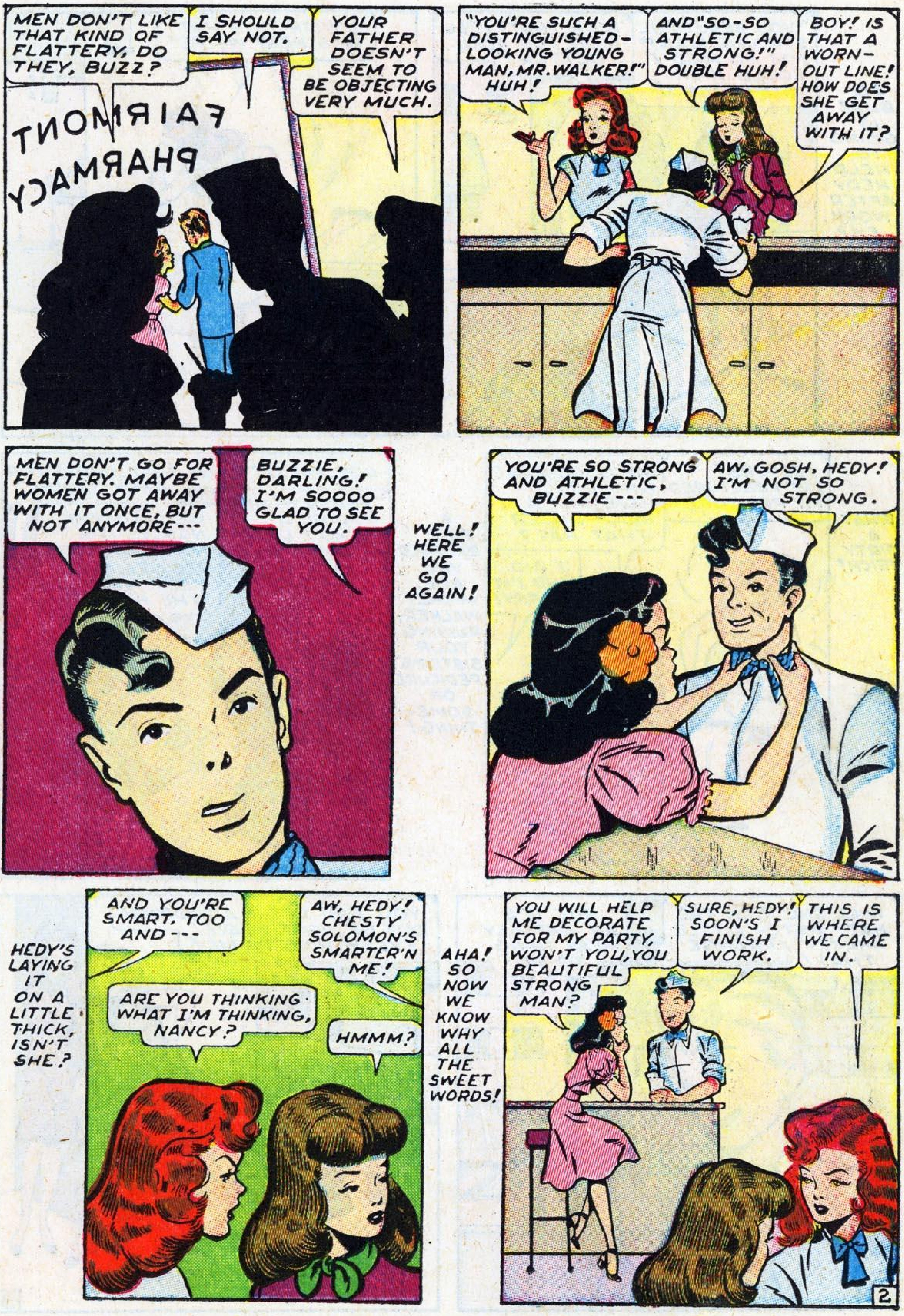

WE'D BETTER GET THOSE TICKETS NOW!
TICKETS... OHH... THE NOTE FOR THEM IS GONE!!! ... **HEDY!**
COME ON, MAYBE WE CAN STOP HER BEFORE SHE GETS THE TICKETS!
BUT TOO LATE...
YOU'RE LUCKY! THESE ARE THE BEST SEATS IN THE GYM.
BASKETBALL TICKETS SOLD HERE
WHY, IT'S ONLY WHOM YOU KNOW, YOU KNOW!
HURRY, NANCY!
HOW WILL I TELL BUZZ, WHAT'LL HE THINK?
LEAVE THAT TO HEDY. SHE'LL THINK OF SOMETHING.
AND SHE SURE DOES...
YOU SAY PATSY **SOLD** THE TICKETS TO YOU?
LOCKER ROOM
KEEP OUT
KEEP OUT
SHE DID. BUT I'D PAY ANYTHING TO WATCH YOU PLAY, BUZZ DEAR!
SHE'LL PROBABLY **DENY** EVERYTHING. GOODBYE FOR NOW, BUZZ!
LOCKER ROOM


BUT-- BUZZ... I CAN EXPLAIN
NEVER MIND, PATSY... I UNDERSTAND.
THE NIGHT OF THE BIG GAME...
PATSY'S JUST BEEN MISERABLE!
FROM WHAT YOU'VE TOLD US, NANCY, I'D FEEL MISERABLE TOO.
BOY!! I HAVE AN IDEA! I'LL TELL PATSY TO BE READY FOR THE GAME!
MICKEY PUTS HIS PLAN INTO ACTION.
YOU CAN DO IT, TINY. HEDY WILL NEVER KNOW US IN THESE DISGUISES.
WELL... ALL RIGHT!
HEDY HAS TWO UNEXPECTED VISITORS.
MISS WOLFE? THE GLAMOUR GIRL OF CENTERVILLE?
WHY, YES. BUT I'M IN A HURRY RIGHT NOW.
I'M TO DO A SERIES OF PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE GAME AND OF THE YOUNG LADY SITTING NEXT TO ME!
WHY, THAT'S ME! WON'T YOU COME IN?

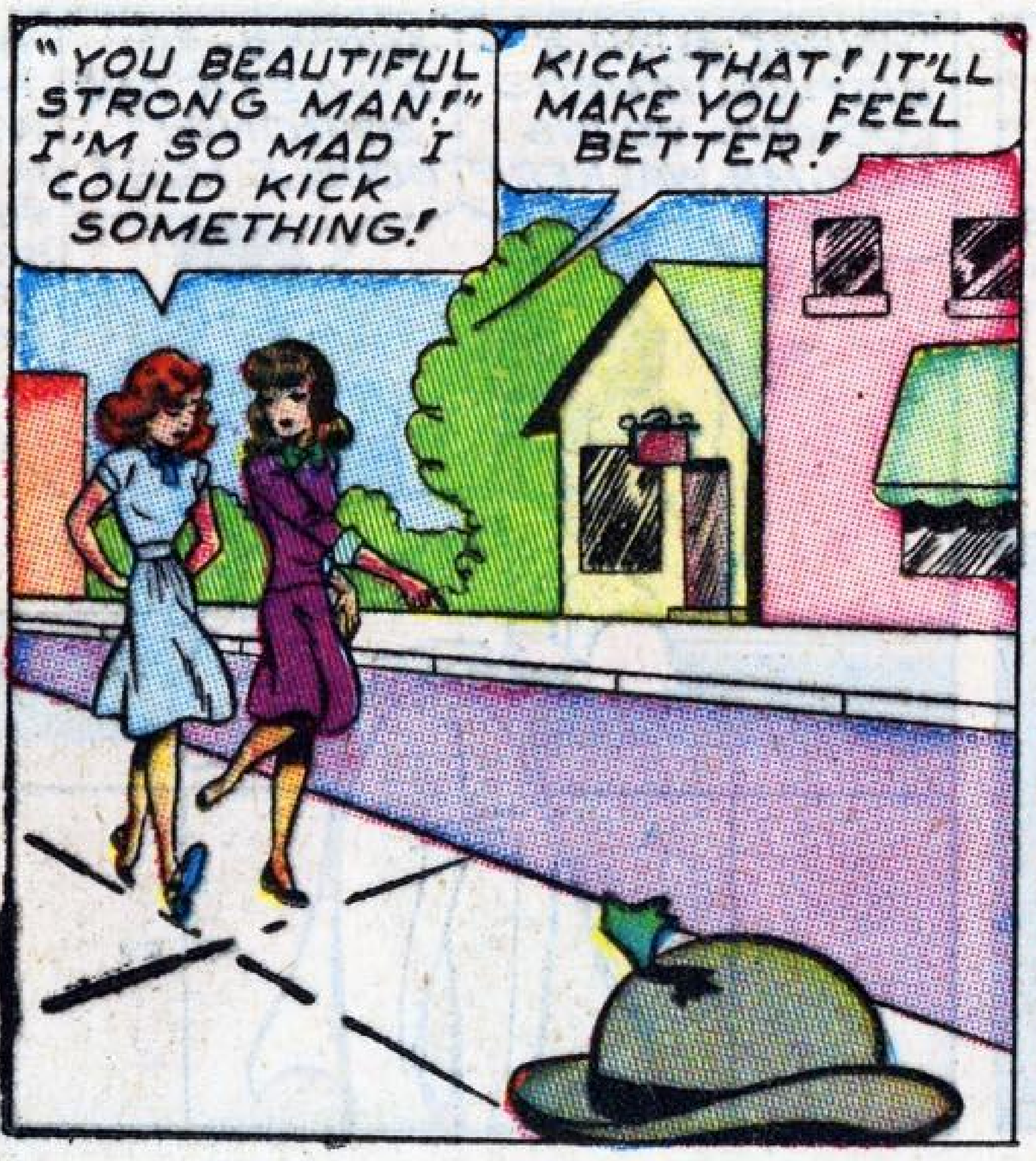

SHOW ME YOUR TICKETS SO I CAN BE SURE. I'LL TAKE A FEW SHOTS NOW!
CERTAINLY!
HERE YOU ARE!
THAT'S FINE. NOW IF YOU'LL STRIKE UP A POSE . . .
HOW'S THIS?
THAT'S FINE. HOLD IT NOW!
OHHH!
WHAT AN AIM!
SQUIRT
RUN FOR IT!
I'M WITH YOU!
UGH . . . WHY . . . YOU!
LATER AT THE BASKET-BALL GAME.
GOSH, BROTHERS CAN BE ANGELS . . . THE LITTLE DEVILS!
THE END

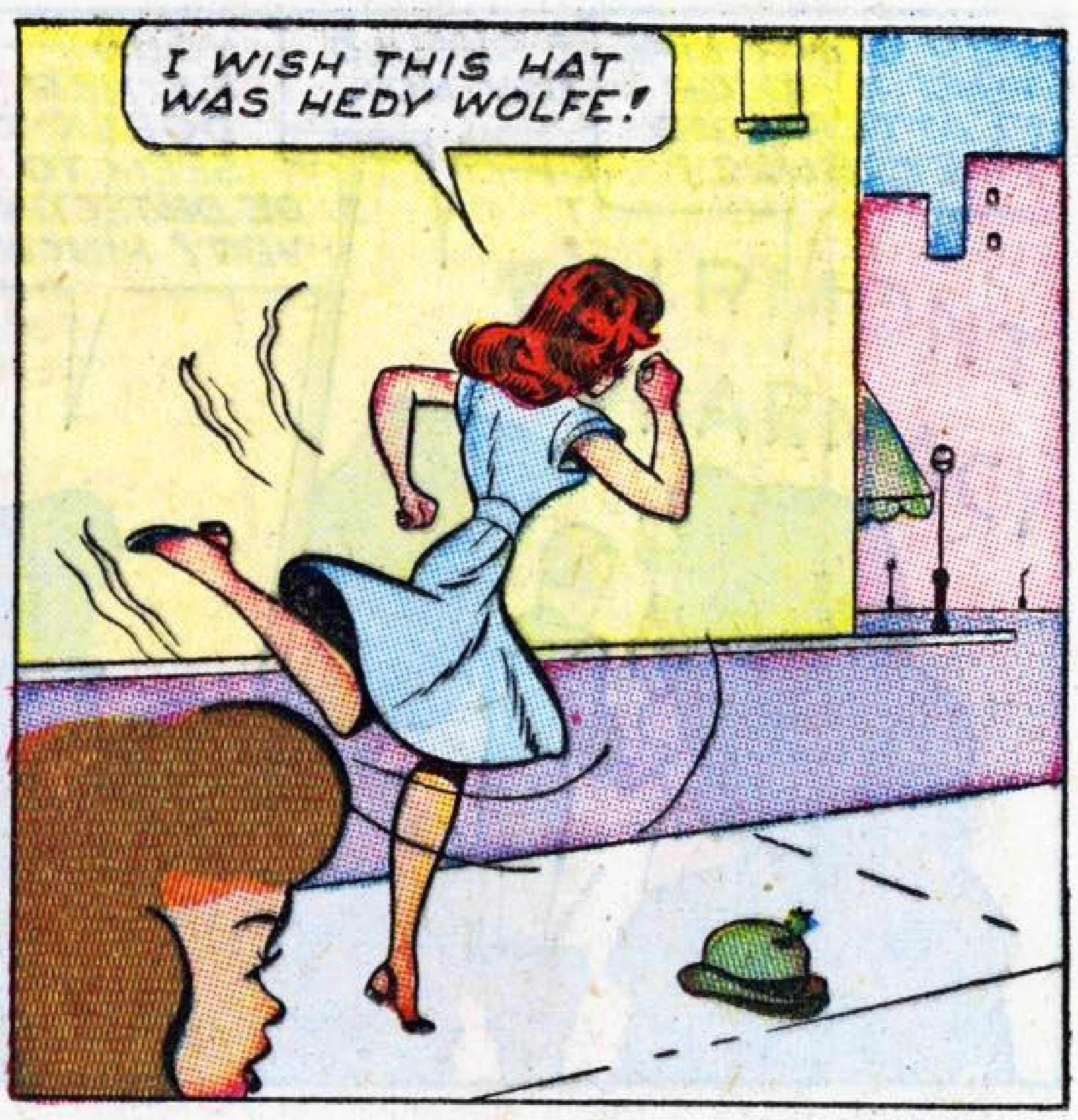
Patsy Walker


BET I CAN BREAK THIS UP QUICK, FOLKS.
R-299
SOME GIRLS USE FLATTERY AS DEFTLY AS A SKILLED SURGEON WIELDS A SCALPEL, AND SUCH A ONE IS HEDY WOLFE.
I DECLARE, MR. WALKER, YOU ARE THE MOST DISTINGUISHED-LOOKING YOUNG MAN IN TOWN.
FAIRMONT PHARMACY
HMM? ER-- THANK YOU, HEDY!
SICKENING, ISN'T IT? BUT MR. WALKER DOESN'T SEEM TO MIND.
YOU'RE SO--SO ATHLETIC AND STRONG AND EVERYTHING!

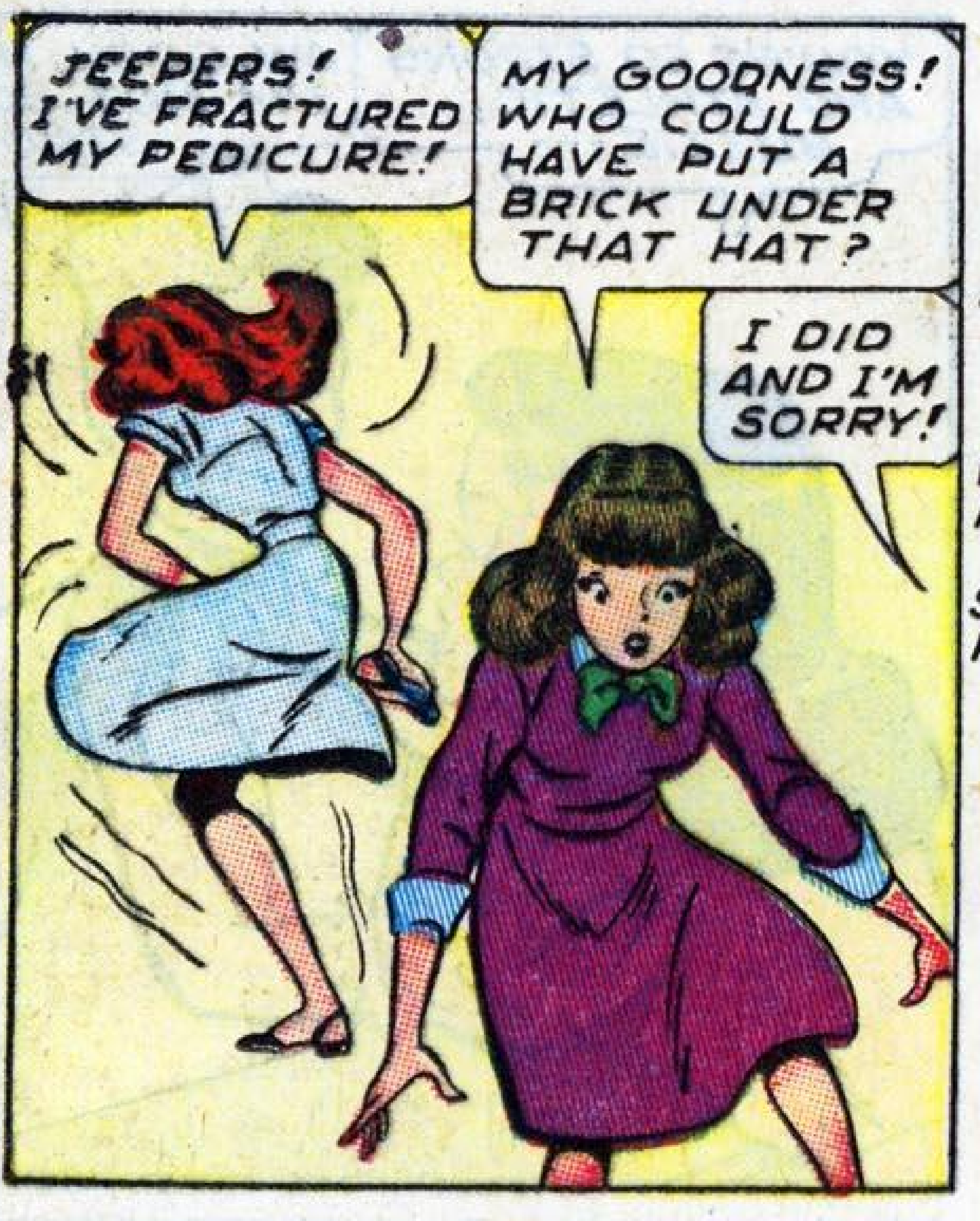

MEN DON'T LIKE THAT KIND OF FLATTERY, DO THEY, BUZZ?
I SHOULD SAY NOT.
YOUR FATHER DOESN'T SEEM TO BE OBJECTING VERY MUCH.
FAIRMONT PHARMACY
"YOU'RE SUCH A DISTINGUISHED-LOOKING YOUNG MAN, MR. WALKER!" HUH!
AND "SO-SO ATHLETIC AND STRONG!" DOUBLE HUH!
BOY! IS THAT A WORN-OUT LINE! HOW DOES SHE GET AWAY WITH IT?
MEN DON'T GO FOR FLATTERY. MAYBE WOMEN GOT AWAY WITH IT ONCE, BUT NOT ANYMORE---
BUZZIE, DARLING! I'M SOOOO GLAD TO SEE YOU.
WELL! HERE WE GO AGAIN!
YOU'RE SO STRONG AND ATHLETIC, BUZZIE---
AW, GOSH, HEDY! I'M NOT SO STRONG.
HEDY'S LAYING IT ON A LITTLE THICK, ISN'T SHE?
AND YOU'RE SMART, TOO AND---
AW, HEDY! CHESTY SOLOMON'S SMARTER'N ME!
ARE YOU THINKING WHAT I'M THINKING, NANCY?
HMMM?
AHA! SO NOW WE KNOW WHY ALL THE SWEET WORDS!
YOU WILL HELP ME DECORATE FOR MY PARTY, WON'T YOU, YOU BEAUTIFUL STRONG MAN?
SURE, HEDY! SOON'S I FINISH WORK.
THIS IS WHERE WE CAME IN.
2

SO BUZZ IS GOING TO HELP HEDY AFTER WORK. EH? HM!

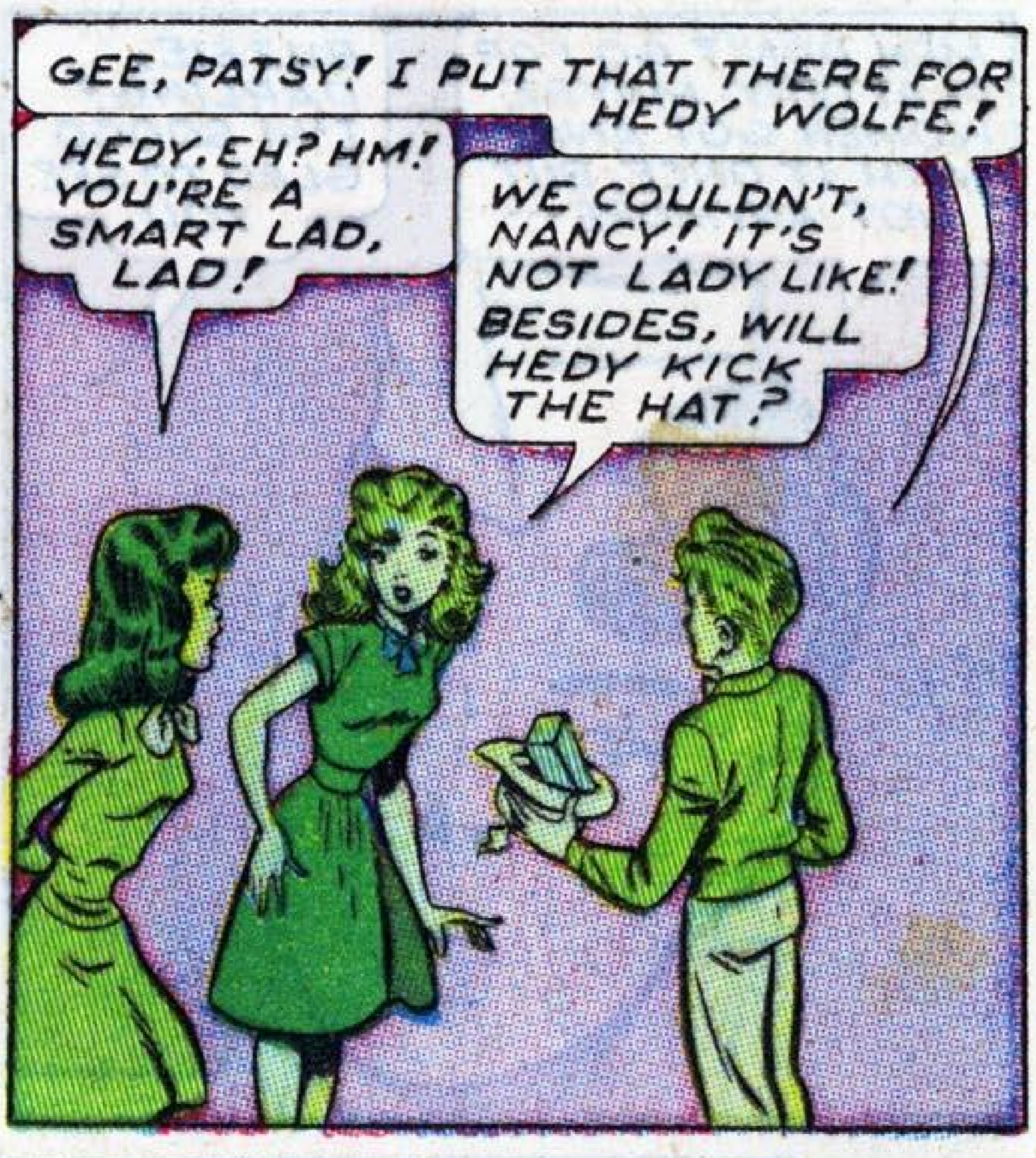

"YOU BEAUTIFUL STRONG MAN!" I'M SO MAD I COULD KICK SOMETHING!
KICK THAT! IT'LL MAKE YOU FEEL BETTER!

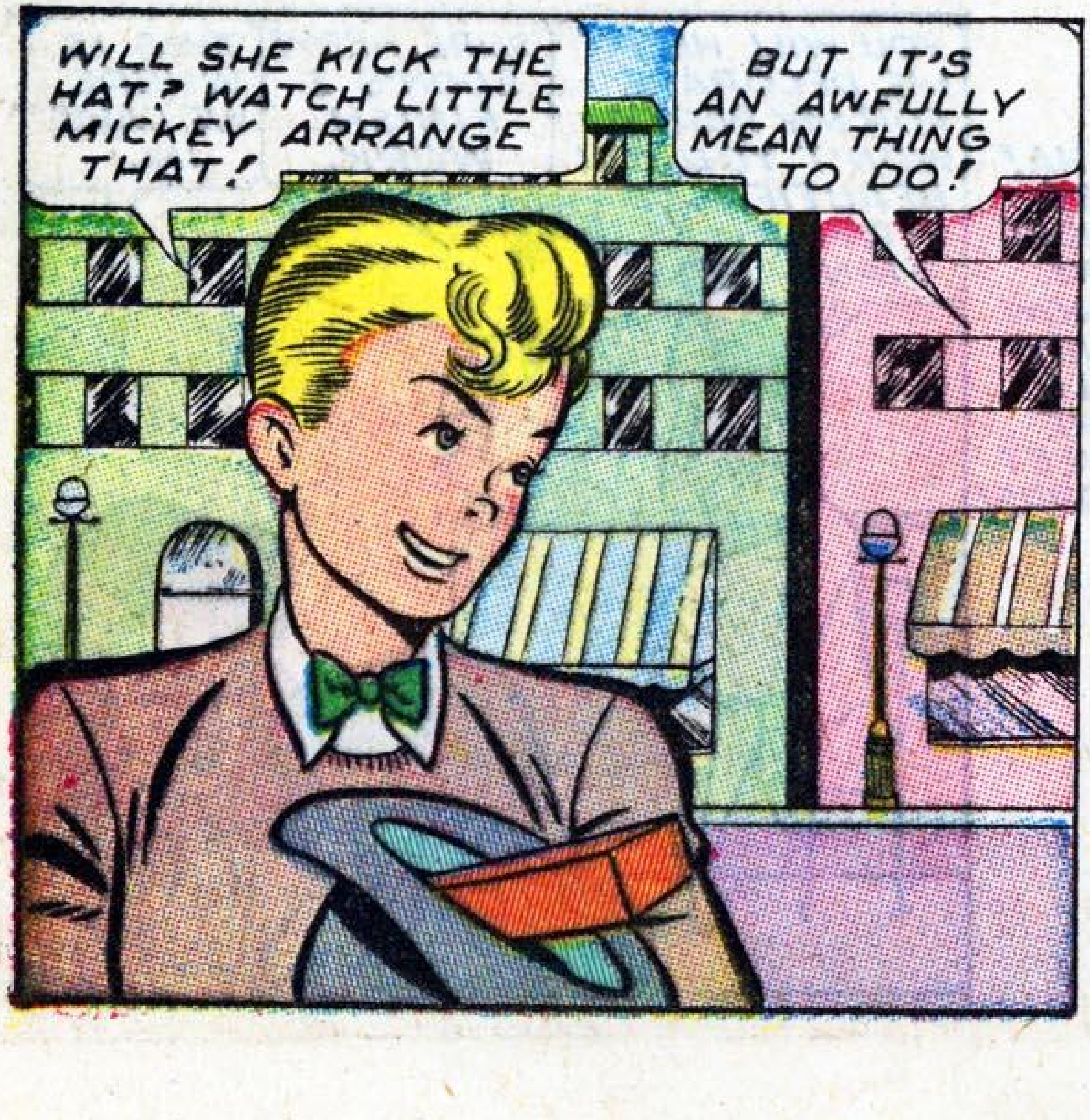

I WISH THIS HAT WAS HEDY WOLFE!

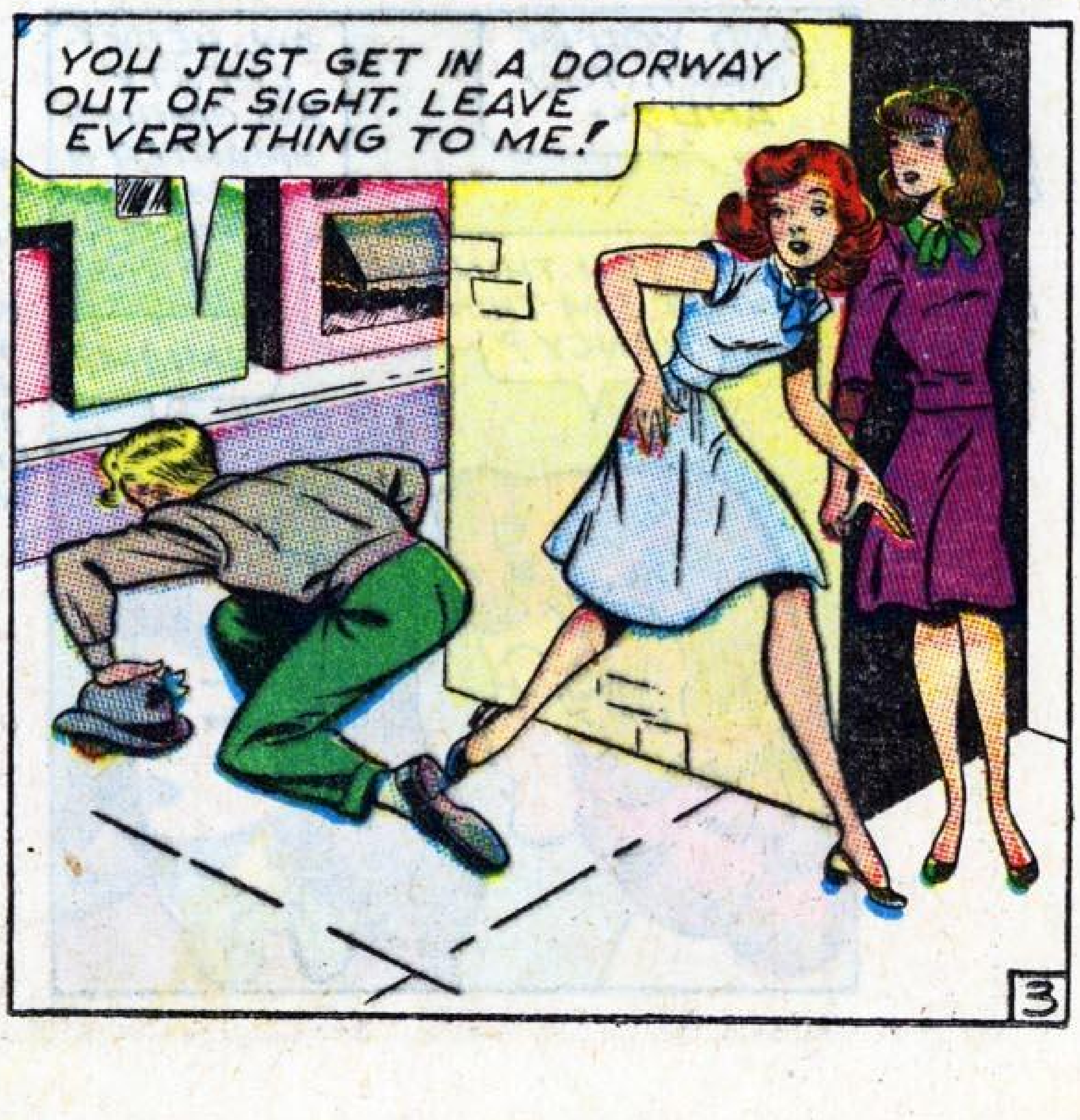
WHAT A DIRTY TRICK!


JEEPERS! I'VE FRACTURED MY PEDICURE!
MY GOODNESS! WHO COULD HAVE PUT A BRICK UNDER THAT HAT?
I DID AND I'M SORRY!

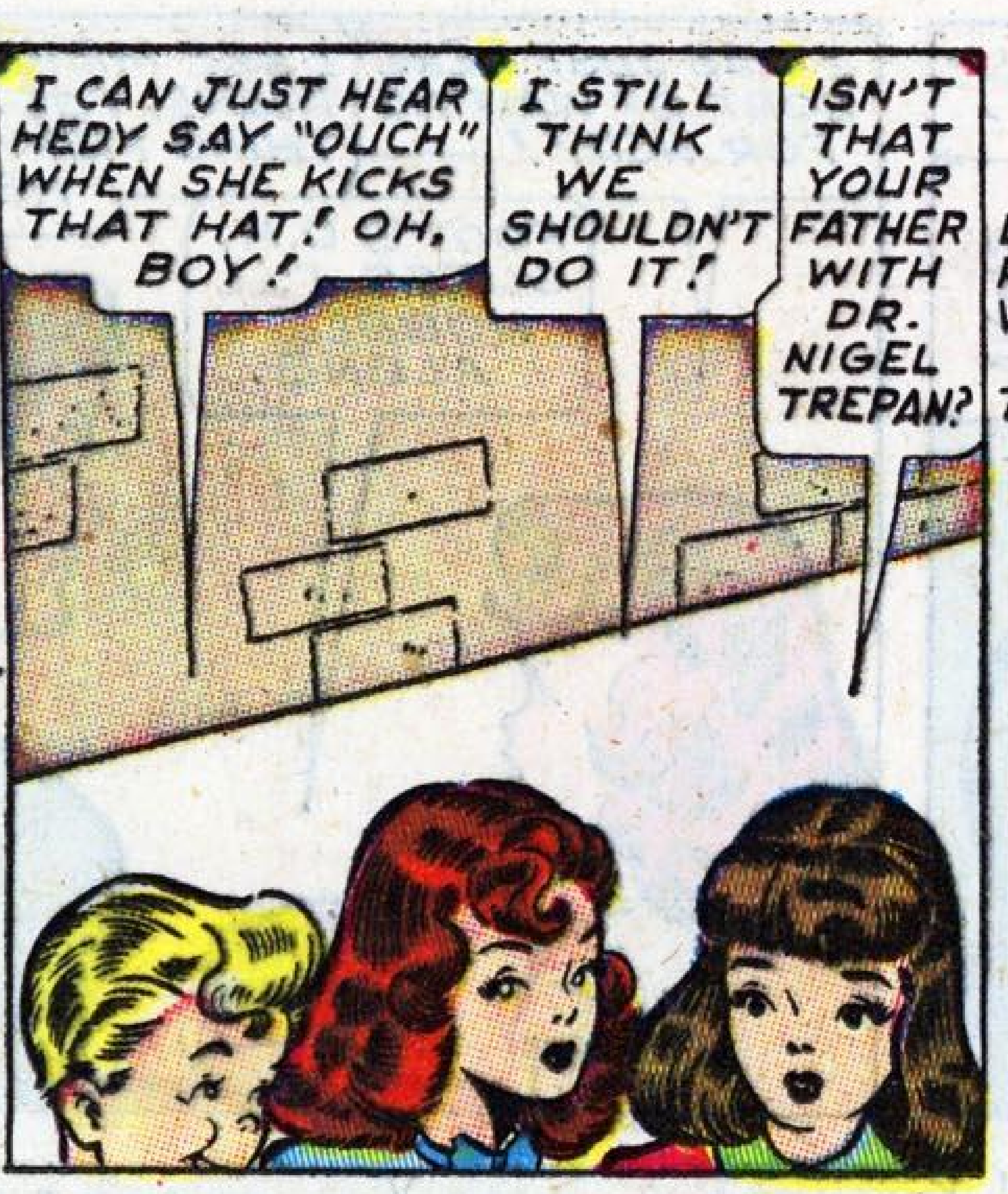
A FINE BROTHER YOU ARE, MICKEY WALKER, RUINING YOUR SISTER'S PEDICURE OR SOMETHING!


GEE, PATSY! I PUT THAT THERE FOR HEDY WOLFE!
HEDY, EH? HM! YOU'RE A SMART LAD, LAD!
WE COULDN'T, NANCY! IT'S NOT LADY LIKE! BESIDES, WILL HEDY KICK THE HAT?

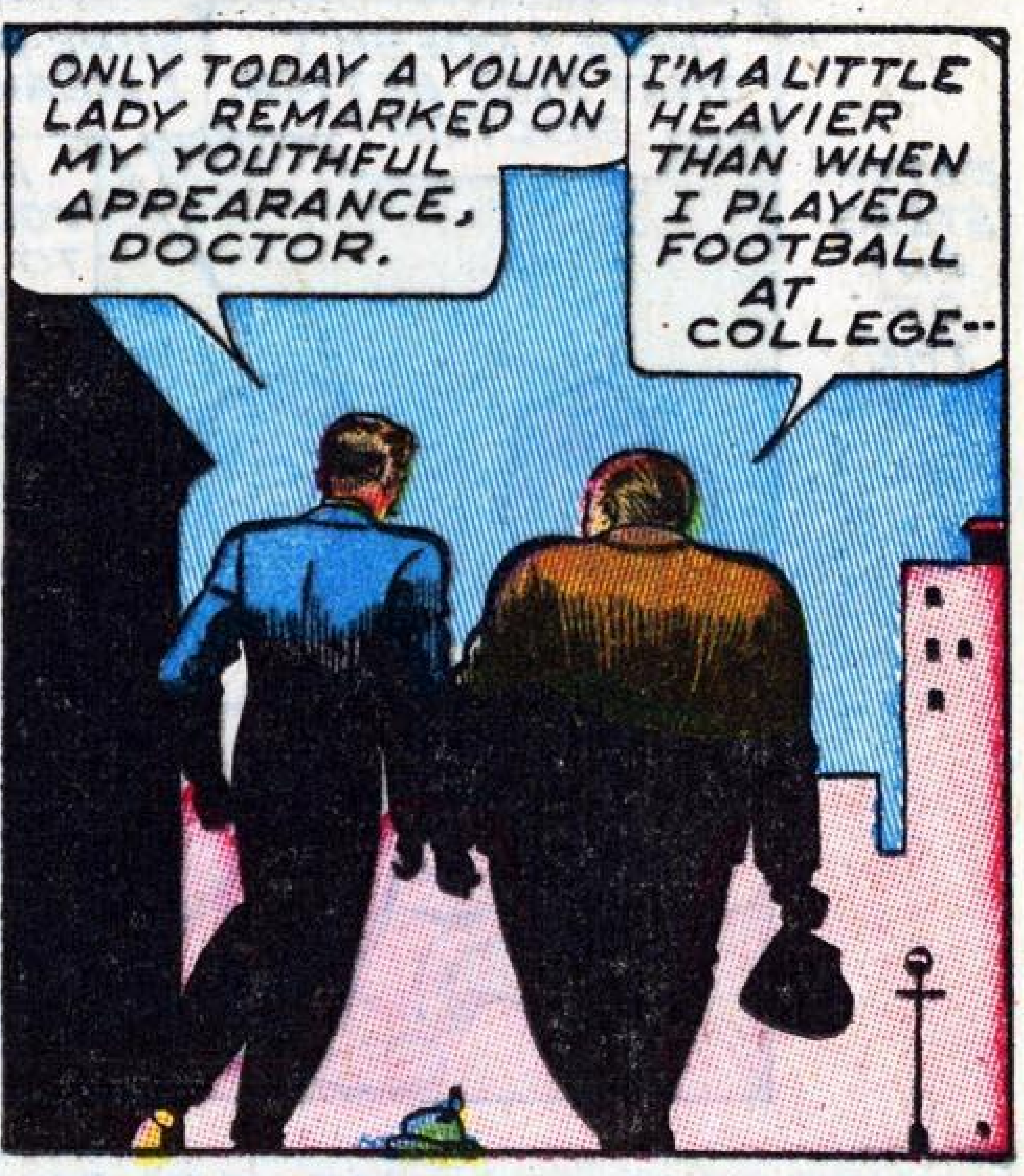

WILL SHE KICK THE HAT? WATCH LITTLE MICKEY ARRANGE THAT!
BUT IT'S AN AWFULLY MEAN THING TO DO!


YOU JUST GET IN A DOORWAY OUT OF SIGHT. LEAVE EVERYTHING TO ME!

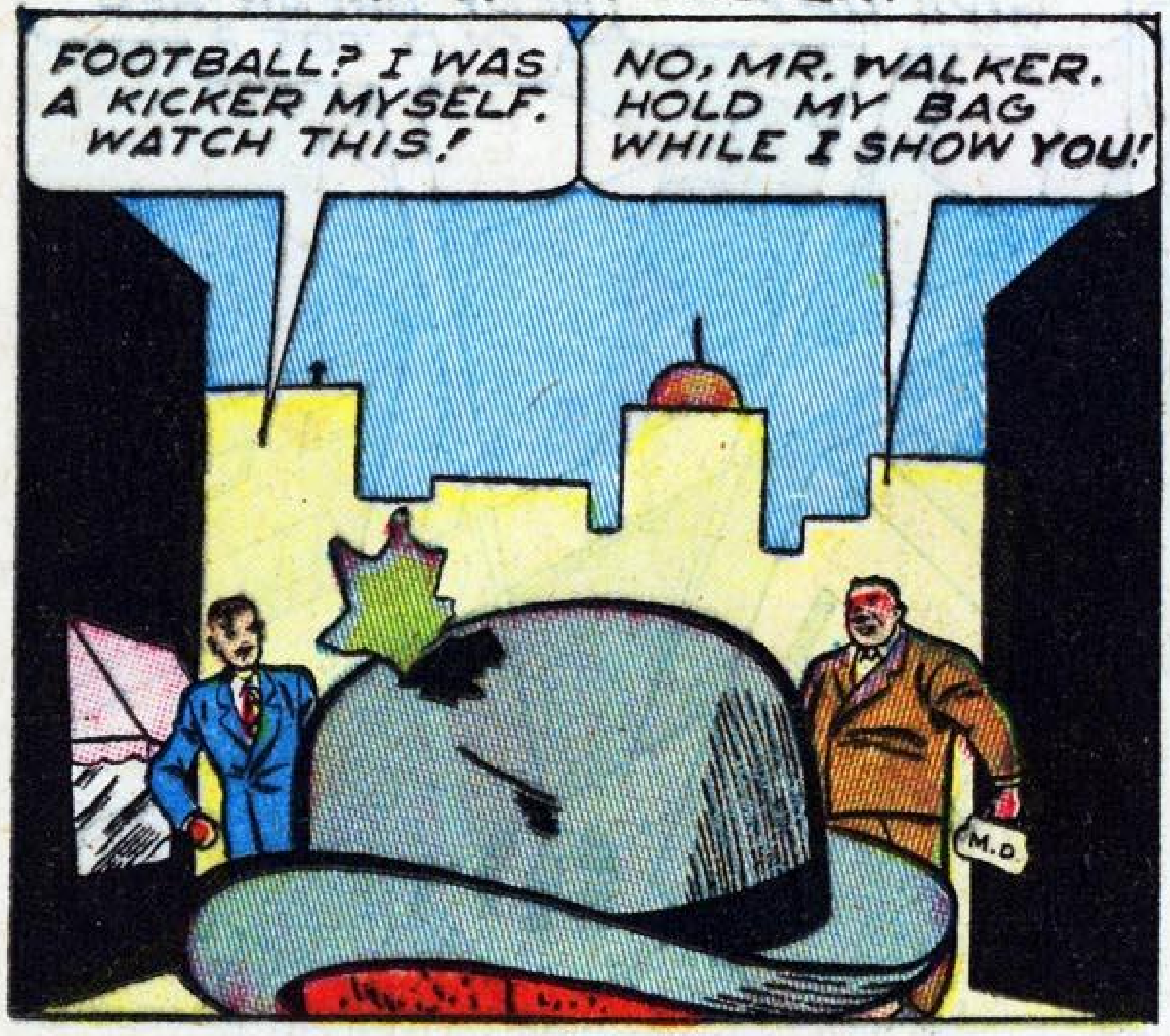
WHILE THE CONSPIRATORS WAIT FOR HEDY WOLFE AND BUZZ TO APPROACH.

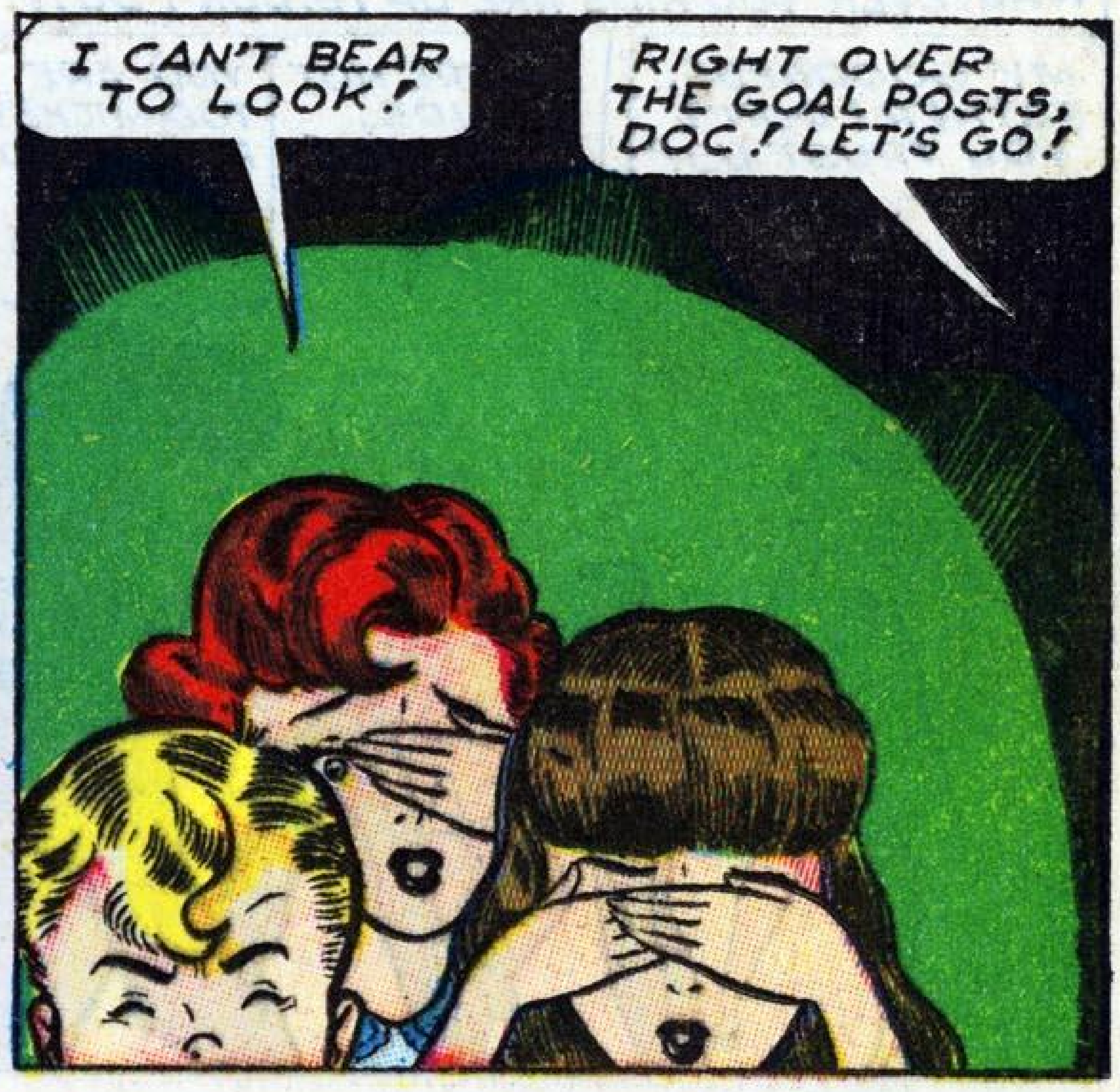

I CAN JUST HEAR HEDY SAY "OUCH" WHEN SHE KICKS THAT HAT! OH, BOY!
I STILL THINK WE SHOULDN'T DO IT!
ISN'T THAT YOUR FATHER WITH DR. NIGEL TREPAN?

TWO UNSUSPECTING VICTIMS WALK TOWARDS THE TRAP!

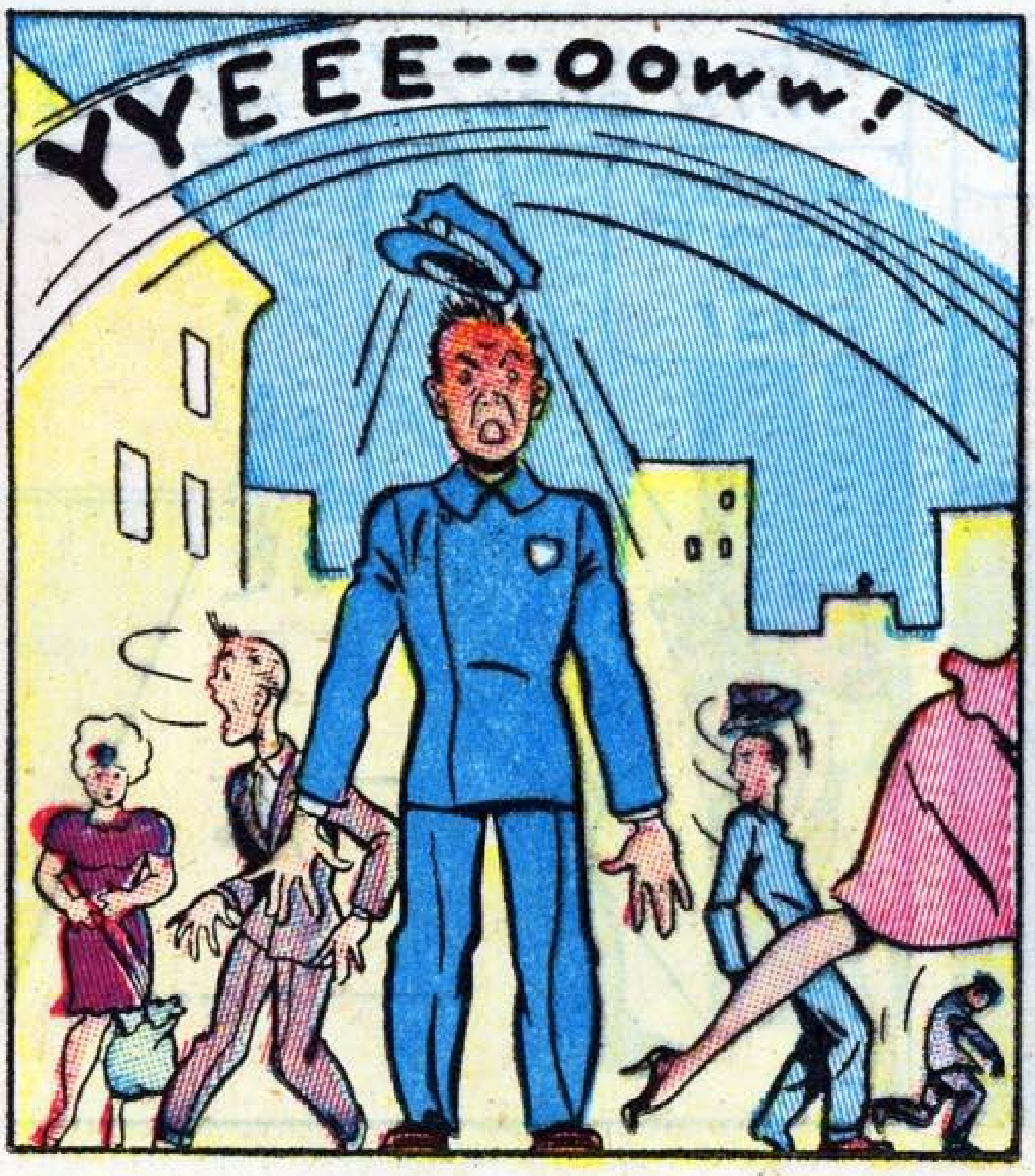

ONLY TODAY A YOUNG LADY REMARKED ON MY YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE, DOCTOR.
I'M A LITTLE HEAVIER THAN WHEN I PLAYED FOOTBALL AT COLLEGE--

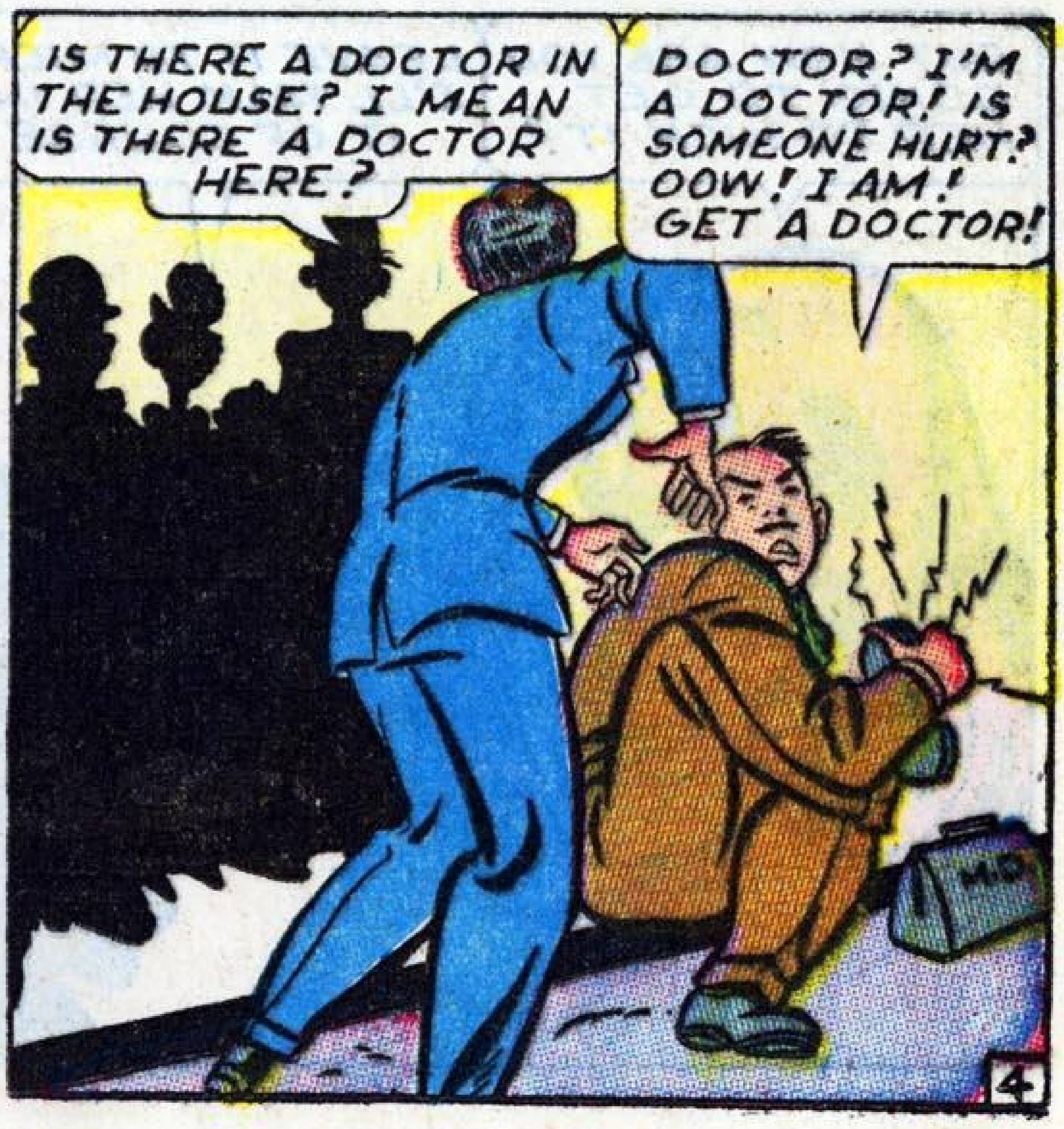
NO, NO, NO, NO, MR. WALKER!

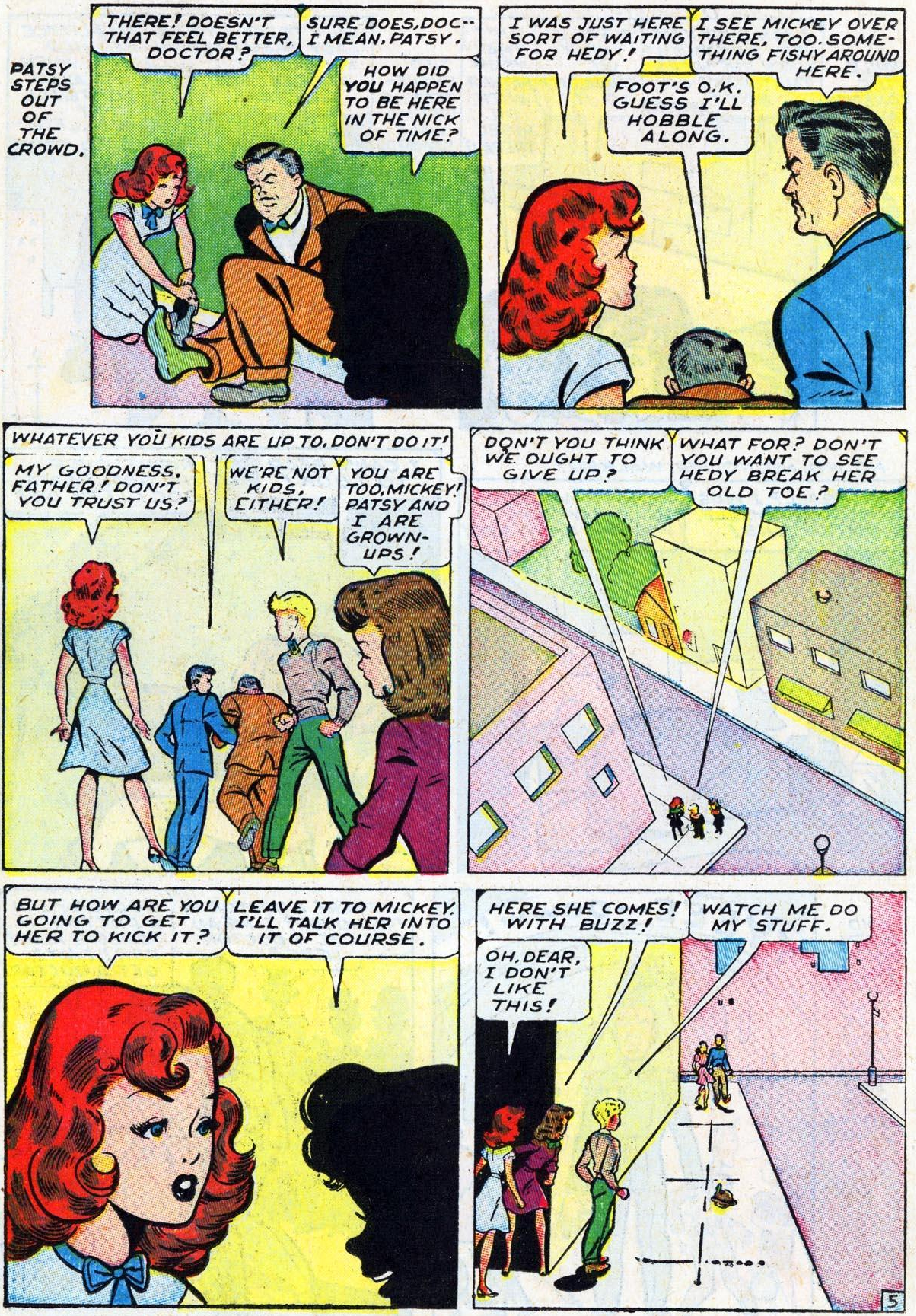

FOOTBALL? I WAS A KICKER MYSELF. WATCH THIS!
NO, MR. WALKER. HOLD MY BAG WHILE I SHOW YOU!
M.D.

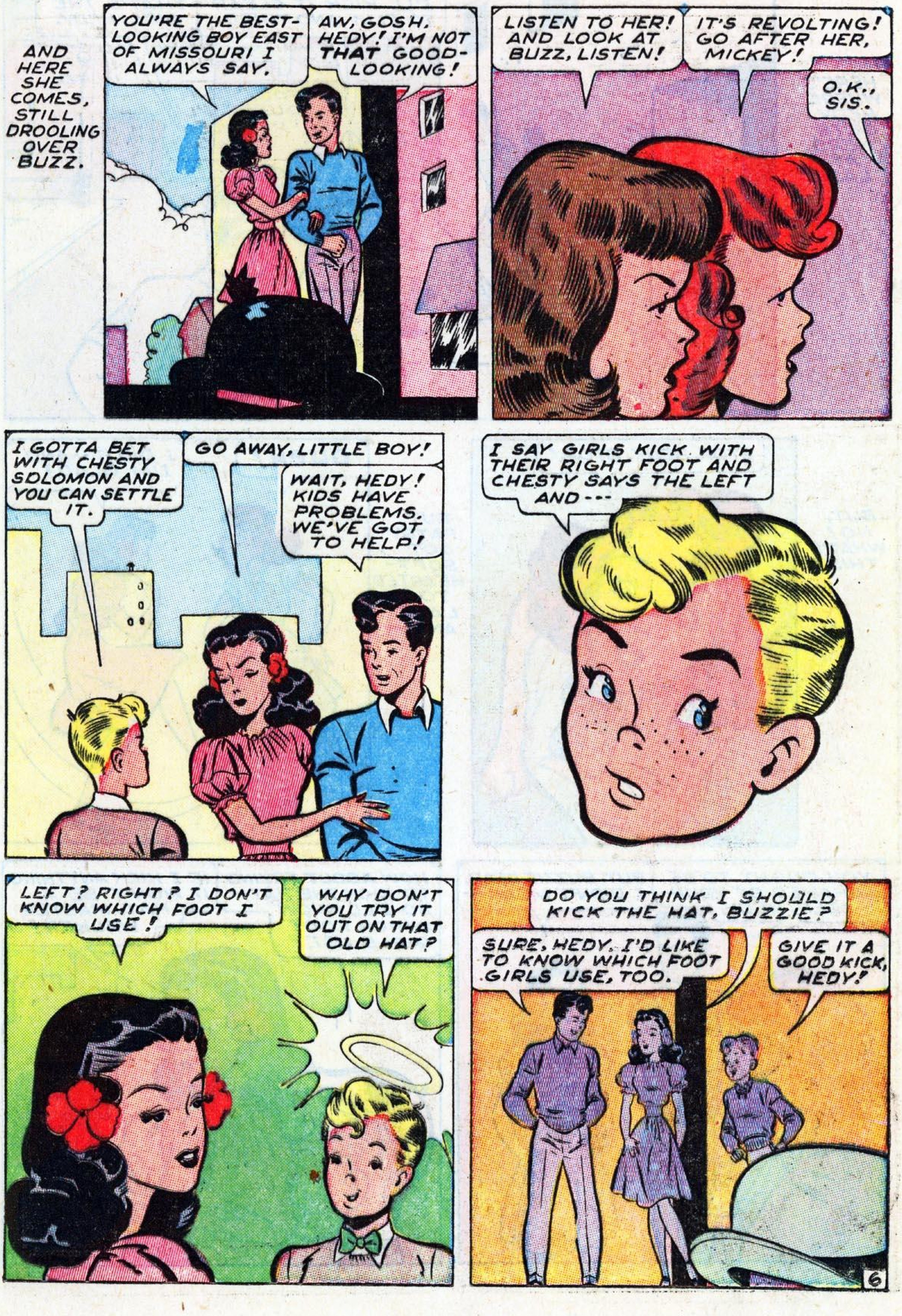

I CAN'T BEAR TO LOOK!
RIGHT OVER THE GOAL POSTS, DOC! LET'S GO!

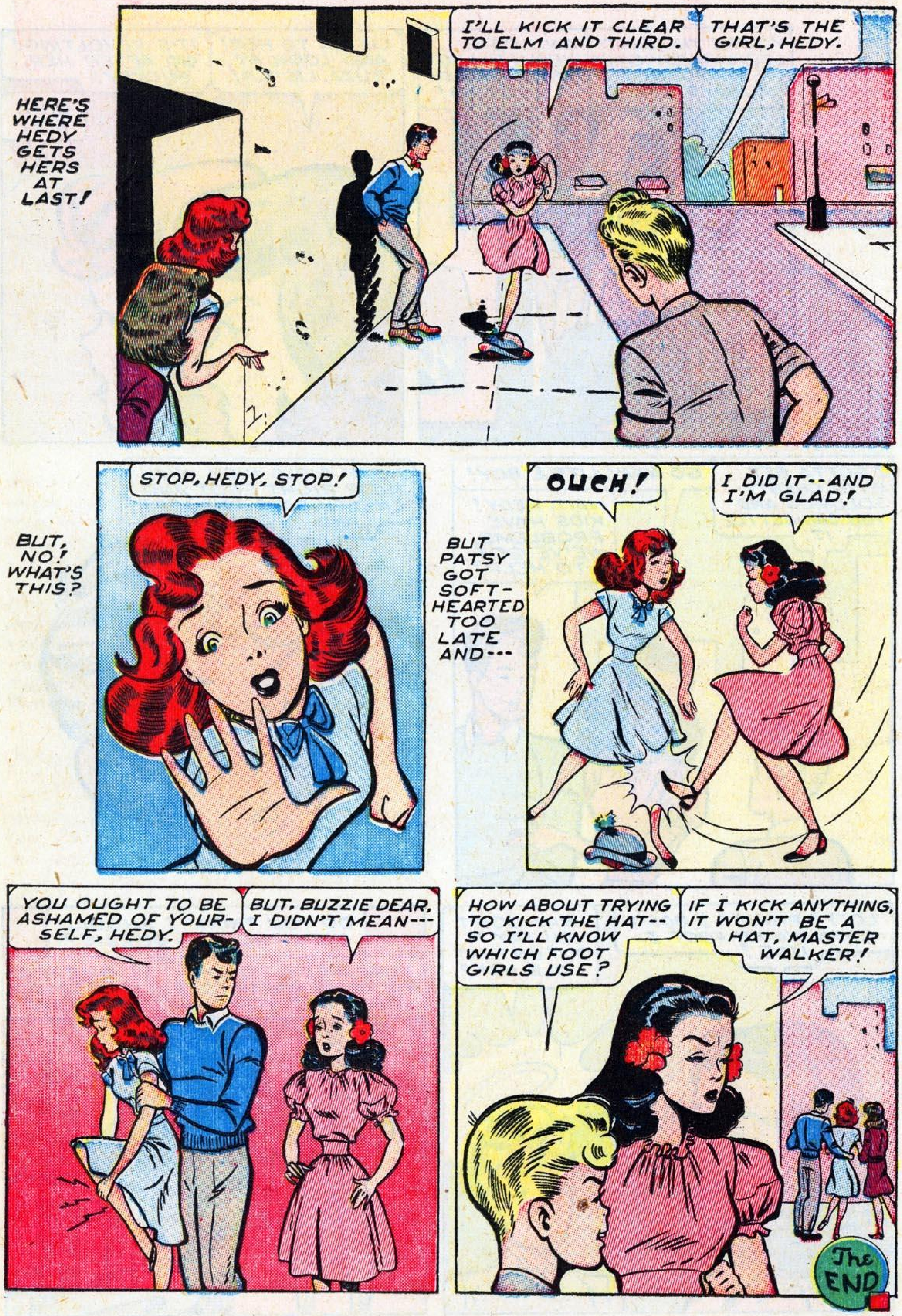
AND WHEN DOCTOR TREPAN KICKED THAT HAT, YOU COULD HEAR HIM TWO BLOCKS AWAY!




IS THERE A DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE? I MEAN IS THERE A DOCTOR HERE?
DOCTOR? I'M A DOCTOR! IS SOMEONE HURT? OOW! I AM! GET A DOCTOR!
M.D.


PATSY STEPS OUT OF THE CROWD.
THERE! DOESN'T THAT FEEL BETTER, DOCTOR?
SURE DOES, DOC-- I MEAN, PATSY.
HOW DID YOU HAPPEN TO BE HERE IN THE NICK OF TIME?
I WAS JUST HERE SORT OF WAITING FOR HEDY!
I SEE MICKEY OVER THERE, TOO. SOMETHING FISHY AROUND HERE.
FOOT'S O.K. GUESS I'LL HOBBLE ALONG.
WHATEVER YOU KIDS ARE UP TO, DON'T DO IT!
MY GOODNESS, FATHER! DON'T YOU TRUST US?
WE'RE NOT KIDS, EITHER!
YOU ARE TOO, MICKEY! PATSY AND I ARE GROWN-UPS!
DON'T YOU THINK WE OUGHT TO GIVE UP?
WHAT FOR? DON'T YOU WANT TO SEE HEDY BREAK HER OLD TOE?
BUT HOW ARE YOU GOING TO GET HER TO KICK IT?
LEAVE IT TO MICKEY. I'LL TALK HER INTO IT OF COURSE.
HERE SHE COMES! WITH BUZZ!
WATCH ME DO MY STUFF.
OH, DEAR, I DON'T LIKE THIS!


AND HERE SHE COMES, STILL DROOLING OVER BUZZ.
YOU'RE THE BEST-LOOKING BOY EAST OF MISSOURI I ALWAYS SAY.
AW, GOSH, HEDY! I'M NOT **THAT** GOOD-LOOKING!
LISTEN TO HER! AND LOOK AT BUZZ, LISTEN!
IT'S REVOLTING! GO AFTER HER, MICKEY!
O.K., SIS.
I GOTTA BET WITH CHESTY SOLOMON AND YOU CAN SETTLE IT.
GO AWAY, LITTLE BOY!
WAIT, HEDY! KIDS HAVE PROBLEMS. WE'VE GOT TO HELP!
I SAY GIRLS KICK WITH THEIR RIGHT FOOT AND CHESTY SAYS THE LEFT AND---
LEFT? RIGHT? I DON'T KNOW WHICH FOOT I USE!
WHY DON'T YOU TRY IT OUT ON THAT OLD HAT?
DO YOU THINK I SHOULD KICK THE HAT, BUZZIE?
SURE, HEDY. I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHICH FOOT GIRLS USE, TOO.
GIVE IT A GOOD KICK, HEDY!


HERE'S WHERE HEDY GETS HERS AT LAST!
I'LL KICK IT CLEAR TO ELM AND THIRD.
THAT'S THE GIRL, HEDY.
BUT, NO! WHAT'S THIS?
STOP, HEDY, STOP!
BUT PATSY GOT SOFT-HEARTED TOO LATE AND---
OUCH!
I DID IT--AND I'M GLAD!
YOU OUGHT TO BE ASHAMED OF YOURSELF, HEDY.
BUT, BUZZIE DEAR, I DIDN'T MEAN---
HOW ABOUT TRYING TO KICK THE HAT--SO I'LL KNOW WHICH FOOT GIRLS USE?
IF I KICK ANYTHING, IT WON'T BE A HAT, MASTER WALKER!
The END

PATSY'S BIG DEAL

GIRLS! Please pay attention," shouted Lucy Vickers, trying to make herself heard above the din in the Modest Maidens' clubroom. "Especially you two—Patsy and Nancy!" she added.

"But we are listening, Lucy," Patsy said. "I've heard every word you said. You said that Billy Jackson's orchestra can't play for our Spring Dance tonight, and that if we don't get another orchestra, there won't *be* any dance! So there!"

"That's right," said Lucy. "But did you hear that you've just been elected Chairman of the Emergency Entertainment Committee? Which means that YOU'VE got to find that orchestra!"

"Me—find an orchestra?" shrieked Patsy. "But that's impossible! Where in the world can anyone, I mean, simply ANYONE, find a sweet jive five that will beat it out for twenty-five dollars? I mean, it's simply too devastating to even try!"

"Be that as it may, sister," Lucy's voice was silkily sweet; "that's your assignment, and you'd better not fail the Modest Maidens!"

Lucy's gavel rapped the desk sharply. "Meeting adjourned!"

There was the immediate hum of voices impatient to start the usual yap-yap session that succeeded every meeting. But today Patsy wanted no part of it. She hustled her friend Nancy out of the clubroom.

Out on the street, Patsy let out a dramatic sigh. "I guess it's just life. Some people can take it easy, while others are the workers. Like me. Someplace in this town I've got to find an orchestra for twenty-five measly dollars . . . but WHERE?"

"Calm down, sugar," soothed Nancy. "Into each life, some rain must fall, and . . ." Nancy's voice suddenly broke off. Her eyes bulged as she stared at the headline of an evening newspaper on the newstand nearby.

"LOOK!" she shrieked. Patsy looked.

"JERRY MANNERS TO MAKE BRIEF STOPOVER IN CENTERVILLE. WILL GREET AUTOGRAPH HUNTERS FROM OBSERVATION CAR OF TRAIN AT 4:00 P.M."

The two girls stared at each other in silent, incredulous wonderment. Then, without a word, they turned and galloped toward the general direction of the railroad depot.

"It's—almost—four o'clock," panted Nancy as they hurried along at break-neck speed.

"I know it," Patsy managed, "And to—think—we almost missed him! Hurry!"

Within a few minutes, the two girls were part of a surging throng of teen-age bobby-soxers; bobby-soxers tall, short, fat, thin, blonde, brunette, yet all with a single purpose. An almost impossible dream was about to come true—their curly-haired, snub-nosed idol, Jerry Manners, was even at this moment on his way to them.

* * *

Jerry Manners lolled leisurely against the plush-backed parlor car. He blew spirals of wispy smoke from his six-inch cigarette holder. He blew them right into the face of Chuck O'Brien, his business manager. Chuck's red face deepened a shade or two.

"I can't understand you," said Chuck. "Two years ago I find you singing in a spaghetti joint for buttons. But I see your possibilities. I take you and make you the biggest name in radio, not to mention Hollywood. You make enough dough to light your cigarettes with twenty-dollar bills, but are you satisfied? No!"

"This is where I came in," interrupted Jerry. "Do we have to go through the whole thing again?"

"Yes! We gotta go through it until I knock some sense into your thick skull! Where was I? Oh, yeah—so I take you out of a spaghetti joint, and now what? I ask you. A big-time operator arranges to meet our train special in Centerville to make you an offer for a Chicago night-club, but you can't be bothered!"

"And why can't you be bothered?" continued Chuck. "Because Chicago is 50 miles off our route—so it's too INCONVENIENT for you to travel to! Phooey!"

Jerry yawned delicately. This continual harping on the same theme was getting monotonous.

"All right, Chuck! I'll talk to Andersen, but unless there's REAL money in it, I'm going to turn his offer down!"

The conductor's voice cut through the thick smoke of the car.

"Centerville! There'll be a ten-minute stopover, folks!"

* * *

As the train pulled into the station, a screech, rising in crescendo, greeted it. Voices that had been babbling away in happy chatter suddenly congealed into a veritable siren's wail. Over-anxious young girls clutched autograph sheets frantically, while here and there a bobby-soxer quietly moaned, then swooned.

Patsy Walker and her friend pushed boldly forward. By the time the blonde swoon-crooner appeared on the observation platform, they were in the forefront of the howling crowd. They could even hear what their darling was saying to the strange man.

"Pleased to meet you, Mr. Andersen."

"Likewise, young fellow. I'll make it brief. We're prepared to pay you fifteen for one night's engagement at the Round-Up Club. We want . . ."

Jerry interrupted Andersen. "It's no use, Mr. Andersen. We couldn't fill that engagement for fifteen. We'd have to have more than that."

"More than fifteen?" Anderson gulped. "All right—we—we'll give you eighteen!"

Patsy listened in astonishment. She had no idea that an orchestra like Jerry Manners' could be hired for that kind of money—$18.00! Here was her opportunity!

Her shrill young voice made itself heard over the hubbub.

"We'll give you twenty-five, Jerry—er, Mr. Manners! We're having a dance tonight and the orchestra backed out at the last minute and we'll be GLAD to give you twenty-five, HONEST!"

Jerry Manners was taken aback. Chuck O'Brien wasn't. He nudged Jerry with his elbow. "Grab it, Jerry!" he whispered hoarsely. "You CAN'T turn down twenty-five—and you won't have to travel to Chicago!"

"Where is this dance taking place, young lady?" asked Jerry, leaning over the railing of the car toward Patsy.

"At the school! Fourth and Central Street! It begins at eight-thirty!"

"Would you mind stepping up here and giving me that information? Also, you'll have to sign a contract."

The girls around her stared in open admiration as Patsy mounted the steps. Somehow, she managed it, but if the truth be known, Patsy was in a complete and ecstatic trance. Her hand was steady as she signed the paper Chuck O'Brien thrust at her, but her mind was in the clouds. All she knew was that she, Patsy Walker, had gotten Jerry Manners' orchestra for the Spring Dance!

* * *

The dance was a howling success. Patsy accepted modestly the lavish compliments heaped on her by her classmates and friends. Jerry's orchestra had never played more beautifully. All too soon came one o'clock and the strains of "Goodnight, sweetheart."

Patsy made her way through the crowd to the bandstand. In her hand she held two ten dollar bills and a five. Jerry Manners smiled as she approached.

"Everything satisfactory, young lady?"

"Oh, it was wonderful," Patsy cooed. "And here's your money—the whole $25.00!"

"WHAT?" roared Manners. "Is this a joke?"

He turned accusingly to his manager, Chuck. A dawning light of comprehension swept over Chuck's face. Through it a smile began to break, a sly, malicious, vengeful smile.

Chuck inched up to the orchestra leader. "You're stuck, chum," he said sotto voce. "I was wondering where high school kids could raise that kind of dough. Better make the best of a bad deal."

Perhaps it was the memory of his crooning days in a spaghetti joint; perhaps it was Patsy's naive, joyous look as she held the money out to him. At any rate, Jerry Manners couldn't humiliate this nice kid in front of all those people.

"Thank you, Miss Walker," he said as he handed the $25.00 to his manager. "It was a pleasure playing for your club. But now we've got to be leaving."

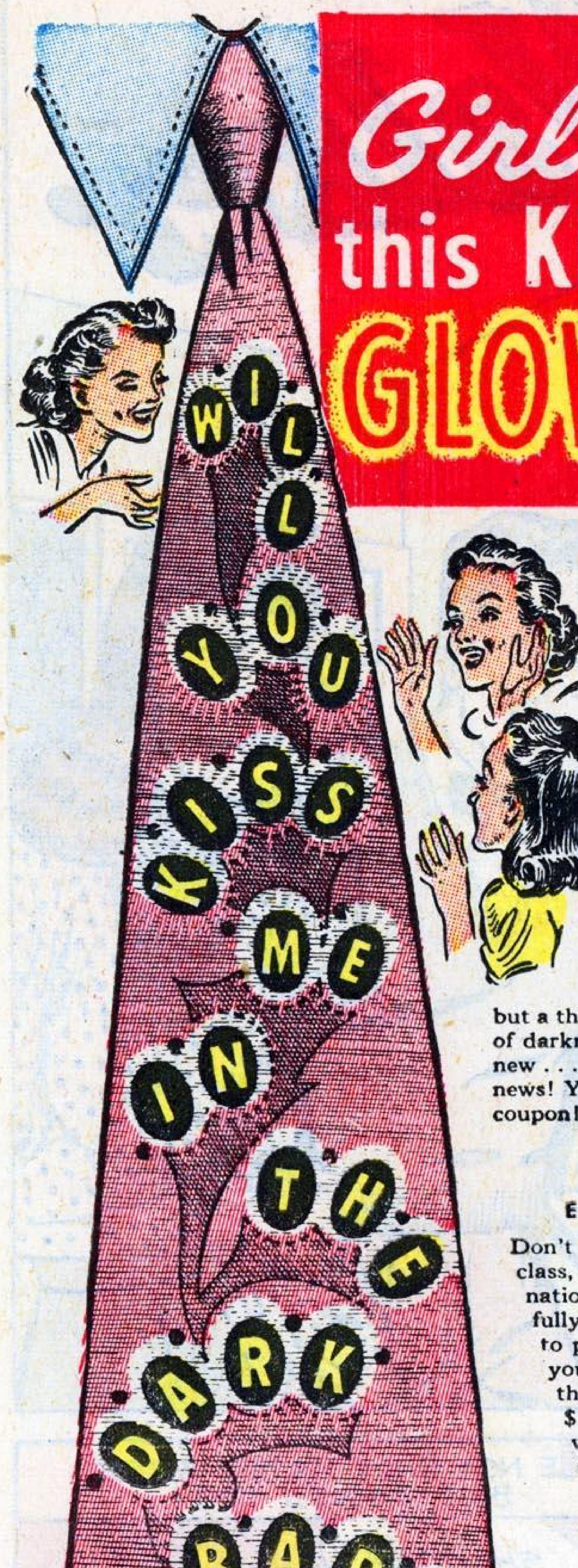
Within five minutes the band was gone. Within ten minutes they were at the station.

Jerry Manners grinned sheepishly at Chuck O'Brien as the train pulled in. "I've learnt my lesson, Chuck. From now on, brother Jerry turns down no offers for nightclub engagements! I don't care if it's Oshkosh or the Hawaiian Islands!" Chuck patted Jerry's shoulder affectionately. There would be no more trouble with Jerry, he knew. Life could be beautiful.

In a little house on a quiet street not far away, Patsy Walker was sleeping as peacefully as a cherub. And why shouldn't she? All Patsy knew was that she had pulled off a big deal that day. What she didn't realize was how big that deal really was. For it would be quite a few weeks before Patsy would learn that Jerry Manners had accepted $25.00 from the Modest Maidens in full payment of a contract calling for twenty-five HUNDRED dollars!

The End

Girls Can't Resist this KISS ME NECKTIE as it GLOWS in the DARK!


WILL YOU KISS ME IN THE DARK BABY

BY DAY, A LOVELY SWANK TIE . . . BY NIGHT, A CALL TO LOVE IN GLOWING WORDS!

MEN . . . BOYS : . . Now amaze your friends! Surprise and thrill every girl you meet! Be different and the life of the party in any crowd! Here's the most amazing spectacular necktie that you ever wore, a smart wrinkle-proof, tailored cravat, which at night is a thrilling sensation! It's smart, superb class by day, and just imagine in the dark it seems like a necktie of compelling allure sheer magic! Like a miracle of light there comes a pulsing, glowing question—WILL YOU KISS ME IN THE DARK, BABY? Think of the surprise, the awe you will cause! There's no trick, no hidden batteries, no switches or foolish horseplay, but a thing of loveliness as the question emerges gradually to life, touched by the wand of darkness, and your girl will gasp with wonder as it takes form so amazingly. It's new . . . utterly different . . . a Hollywood riot wherever you go. And here's wonderful news! You can see, examine this glorious tie yourself without risk . . . just mail the coupon!

SEND NO MONEY!

Examine . . . Let It Thrill You . . . ON THIS FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Don't confuse this magnificent necktie with any ordinary novelty tie, for it's high class, distinctive, ties up perfectly, and you'll wear it with pride. Its color combination is specially created and so original that you actually can wear it tastefully with any suit. It's wrinkle-proof, beautifully fashioned. You might expect to pay $2.00 or even $3.00 for this cravat just for daytime wear. But now, if you act quick, under this special INTRODUCTORY OFFER, you will have this marvelous, breath-taking GLOW IN THE DARK sensation for only $1.49! That's all, just $1.49, a bargain in quality, and a million dollars worth of fun at any party, or in any crowd, an aid to love! Send no money, here's all you do. Mail coupon with your name and address. On arrival of your GLOWING KISS ME NECKTIE, you simply pay postman $1.49, plus postage. (If money comes with order, we pay postage.) Then examine. See how it excites and thrills. And, if you are not delighted, if you are not eager to wear it, just return it for your money back promptly. Isn't that a fair, generous offer? Then act at once. Don't wait. Mail the coupon now!

A SMART TIE BY DAY

AT NIGHT A MAGIC TIE

WILL YOU KISS ME IN THE DARK BABY

IT'S NOVEL, DIFFERENT BARRELS OF FUN!

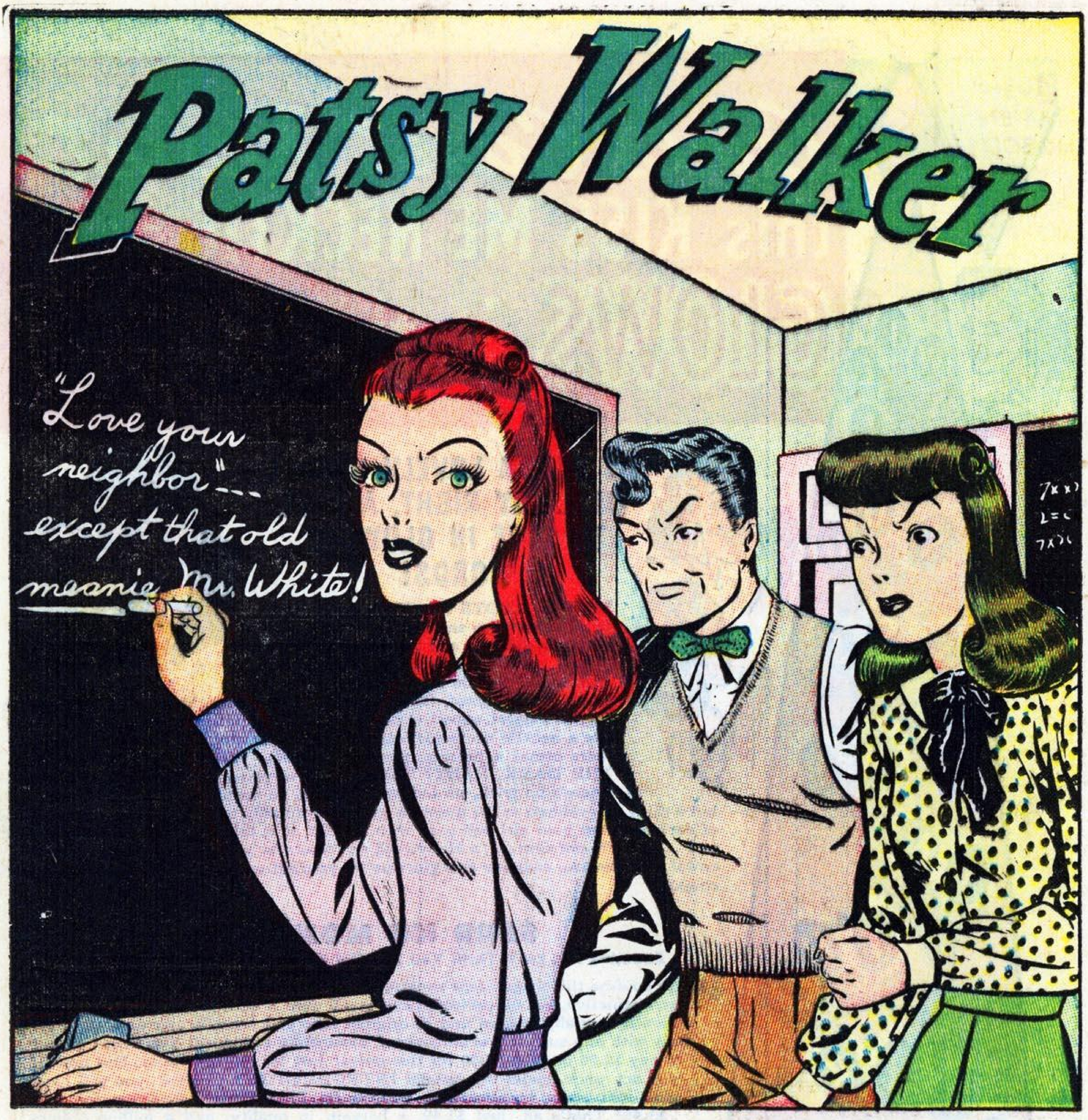
MAIL THIS NO-RISK COUPON NOW!

GLOW IN THE DARK NECKTIE CO.
215 N. Michigan Ave., Dept. 858-K Chicago 1, Illinois

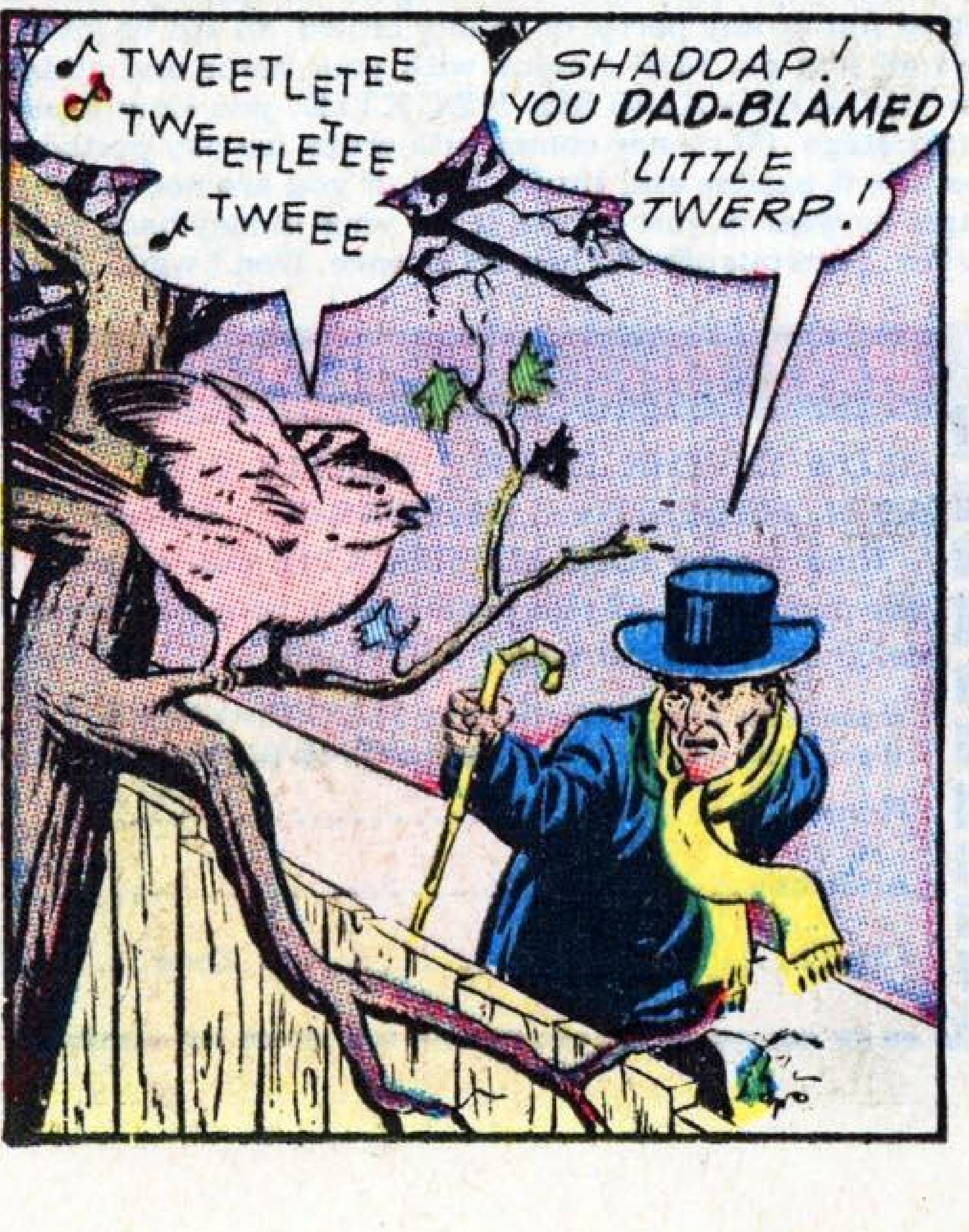
Rush me my KISS ME NECKTIE that glows in the dark. I will pay postman $1.49 plus postage with your positive assurance I will be delighted or return tie for full refund.

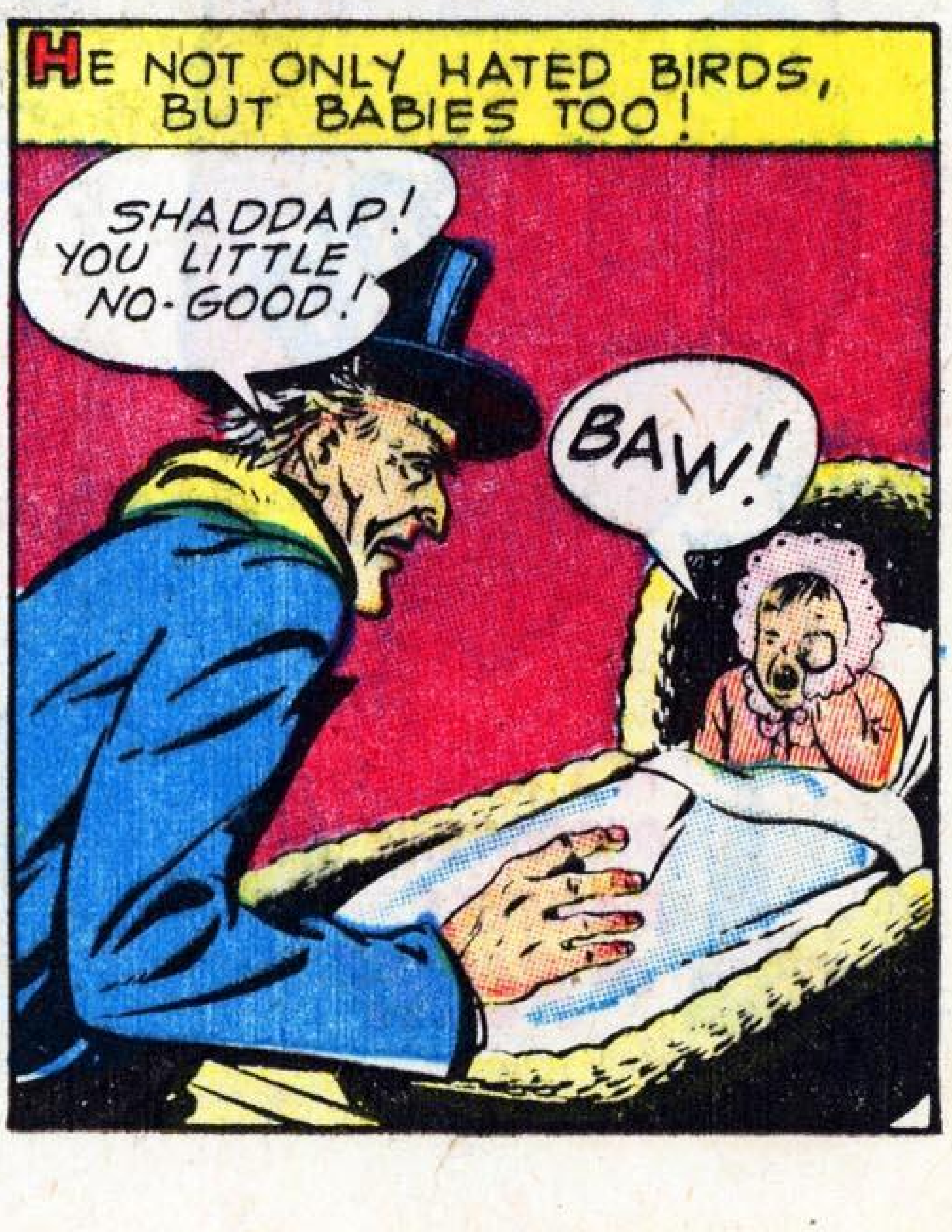
If you want 3 Kiss Me Neckties for $4.22 ...Check Here [ ]
If you want one Glowing Gorgeous Pin-Up Girl Neckties for $1.49 ...Check Here [ ]
Name..
Address
City.............................Zone.......State..........

Patsy Walker

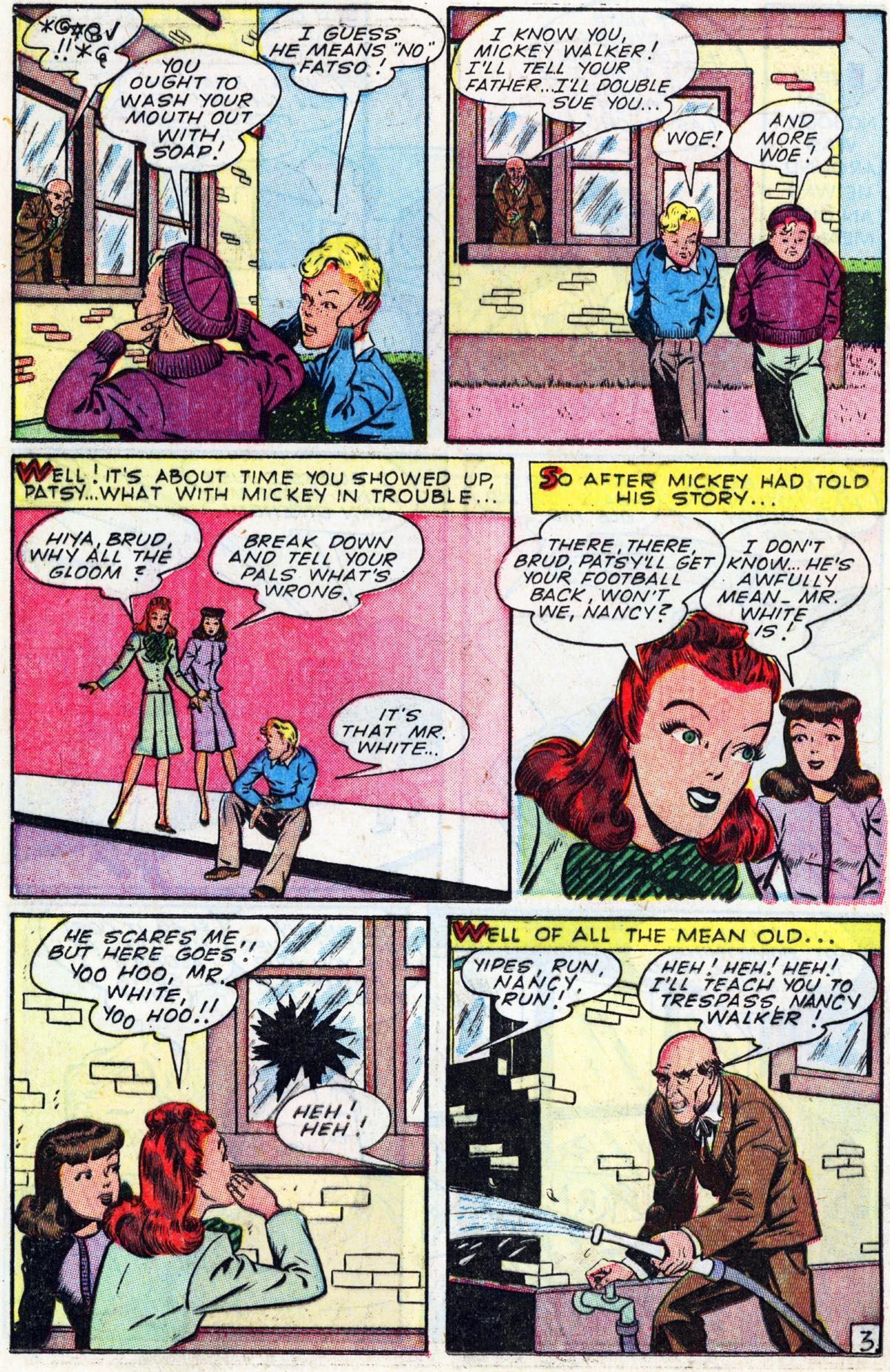

"Love your neighbor"--- except that old meanie Mr. White!

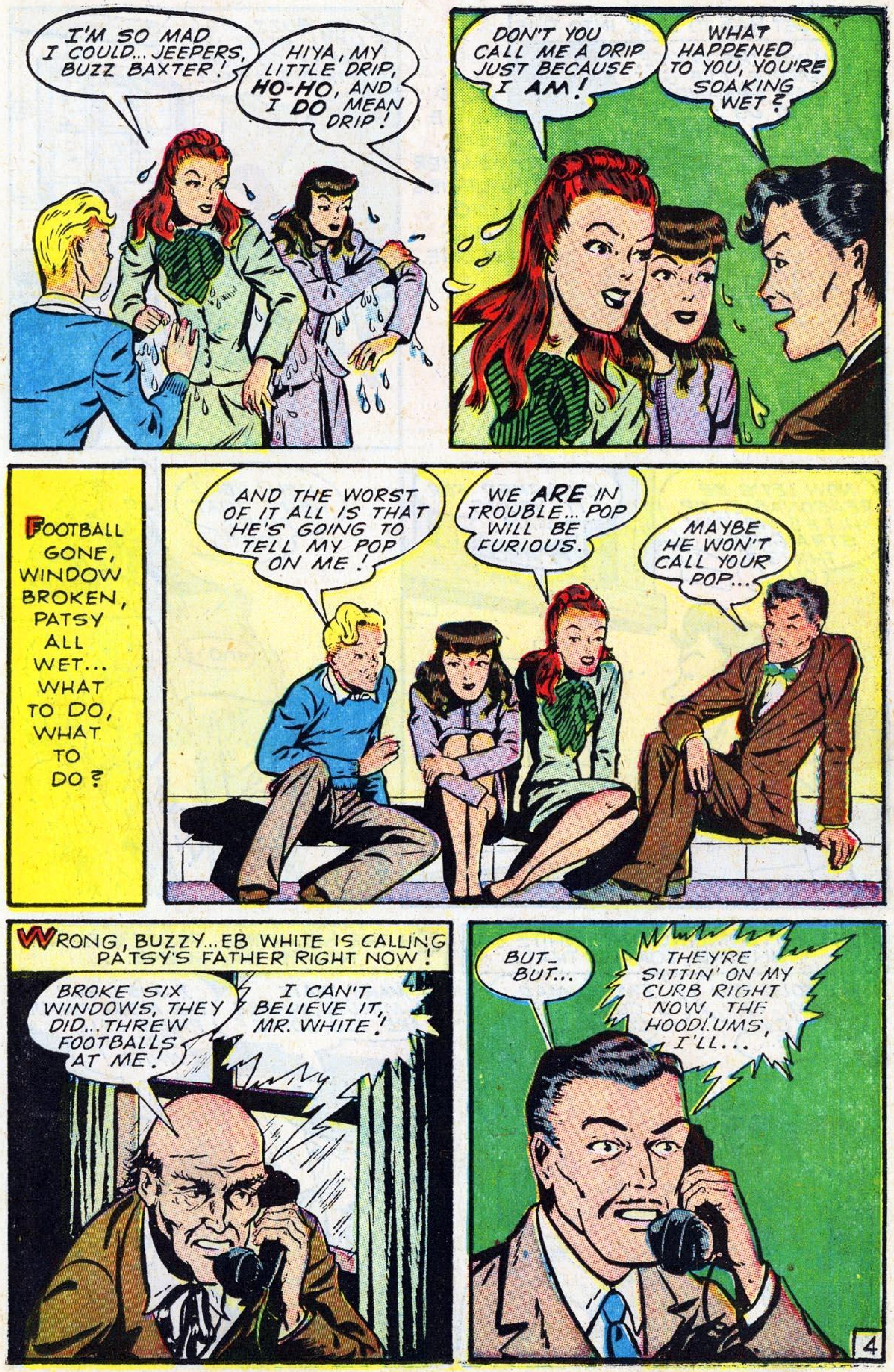
THE MEANEST MAN IN PATSY'S TOWN, IF NOT IN THE WORLD, IS HATEFUL, OLD EB WHITE, THE TOWNSEND AVENUE RECLUSE.


TWEETLETEE TWEETLETEE TWEEE
SHADDAP! YOU DAD-BLAMED LITTLE TWERP!


HE NOT ONLY HATED BIRDS, BUT BABIES TOO!
SHADDAP! YOU LITTLE NO-GOOD!
BAW!

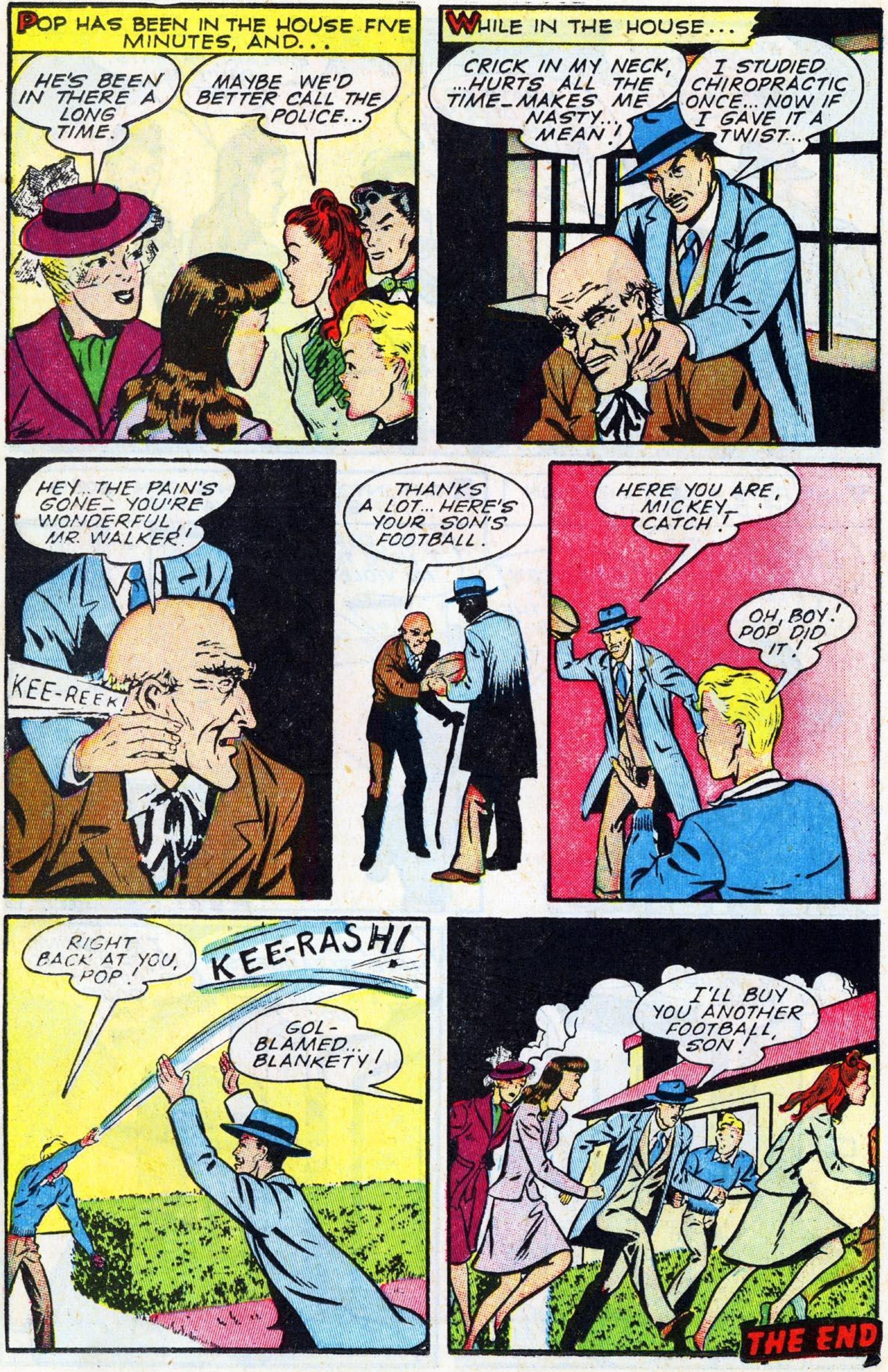
EVEN WHEN NOBODY WAS AROUND, HE WAS AN OLD MEANIE.
I HATE EVERYBODY, INCLUDING ME. AND I WISH I COULD HATE 'EM TWICE AS MUCH!
BUT OTHER PEOPLE AREN'T HATEFUL. THEY ARE GAY, LIKE PATSY'S BROTHER, MICKEY.
WHAT A DAY! OH BOY, AH JOY! HEY, FATSO, CATCH!
SAMMY BAUGH HAS NOTHIN' ON ME. READY, FATSO?
GIVE HER A HEAVE, OLE KID, OLE KID!
I GUESS I JUST DON'T KNOW MY OWN STRENGTH.
AHA! NOW I'VE GOT SOMETHING TO BE REAL MAD ABOUT.
KRASH!
OLE MEANY WHITE'LL NEVER GIVE YOU YOUR FOOTBALL, MICKEY!
$1.49 IT COST ME TOO... AT ALDEN'S! I GOTTA TRY!
2.

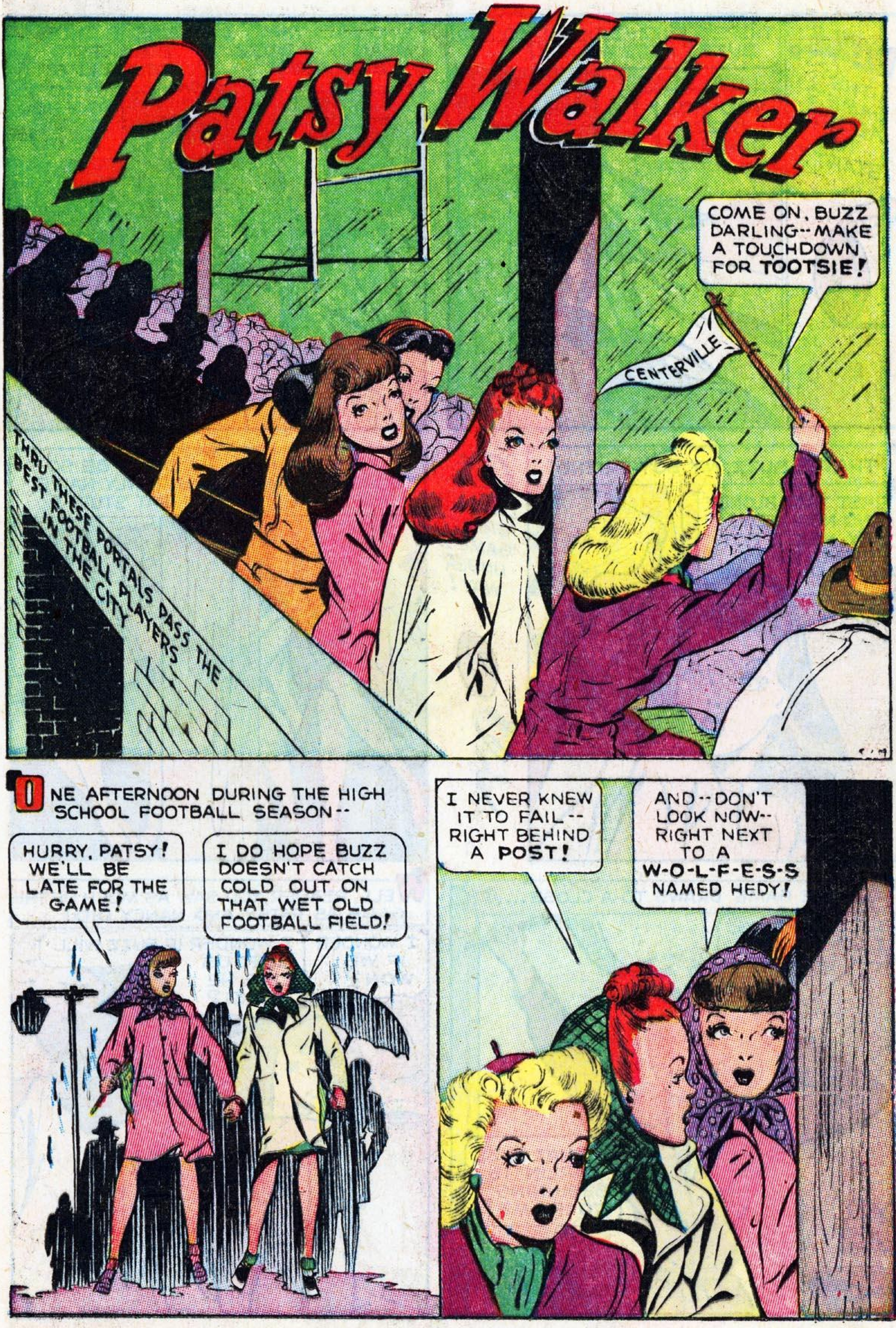

@@√ !!*@
YOU OUGHT TO WASH YOUR MOUTH OUT WITH SOAP!
I GUESS HE MEANS "NO" FATSO!
I KNOW YOU, MICKEY WALKER! I'LL TELL YOUR FATHER... I'LL DOUBLE SUE YOU...
WOE!
AND MORE WOE!
WELL! IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU SHOWED UP, PATSY... WHAT WITH MICKEY IN TROUBLE...
HIYA, BRUD, WHY ALL THE GLOOM?
BREAK DOWN AND TELL YOUR PALS WHAT'S WRONG.
IT'S THAT MR. WHITE...
SO AFTER MICKEY HAD TOLD HIS STORY...
THERE, THERE, BRUD, PATSY'LL GET YOUR FOOTBALL BACK, WON'T WE, NANCY?
I DON'T KNOW... HE'S AWFULLY MEAN_ MR. WHITE IS!
HE SCARES ME!! BUT HERE GOES!! YOO HOO, MR. WHITE, YOO HOO!!
HEH! HEH!
WELL OF ALL THE MEAN OLD...
YIPES, RUN, NANCY, RUN!
HEH! HEH! HEH! I'LL TEACH YOU TO TRESPASS, NANCY WALKER!

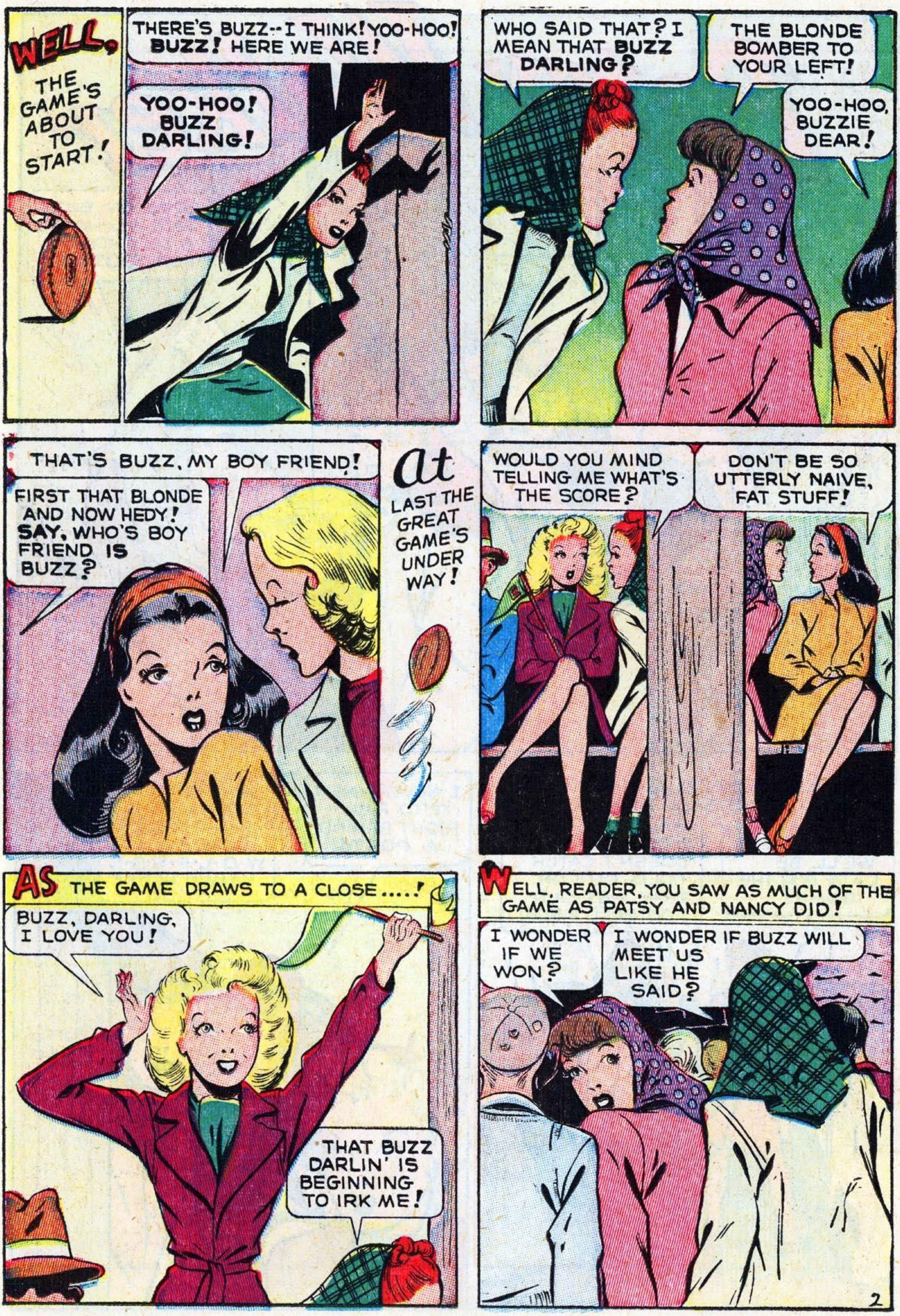

I'M SO MAD I COULD... JEEPERS, BUZZ BAXTER!
HIYA, MY LITTLE DRIP, HO-HO, AND I DO MEAN DRIP!
DON'T YOU CALL ME A DRIP JUST BECAUSE I AM!
WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU, YOU'RE SOAKING WET?
FOOTBALL GONE, WINDOW BROKEN, PATSY ALL WET... WHAT TO DO, WHAT TO DO?
AND THE WORST OF IT ALL IS THAT HE'S GOING TO TELL MY POP ON ME!
WE ARE IN TROUBLE... POP WILL BE FURIOUS.
MAYBE HE WON'T CALL YOUR POP...
WRONG, BUZZY... EB WHITE IS CALLING PATSY'S FATHER RIGHT NOW!
BROKE SIX WINDOWS, THEY DID... THREW FOOTBALLS AT ME.
I CAN'T BELIEVE IT, MR. WHITE!
BUT_ BUT...
THEY'RE SITTIN' ON MY CURB RIGHT NOW, THE HOODLUMS, I'LL...

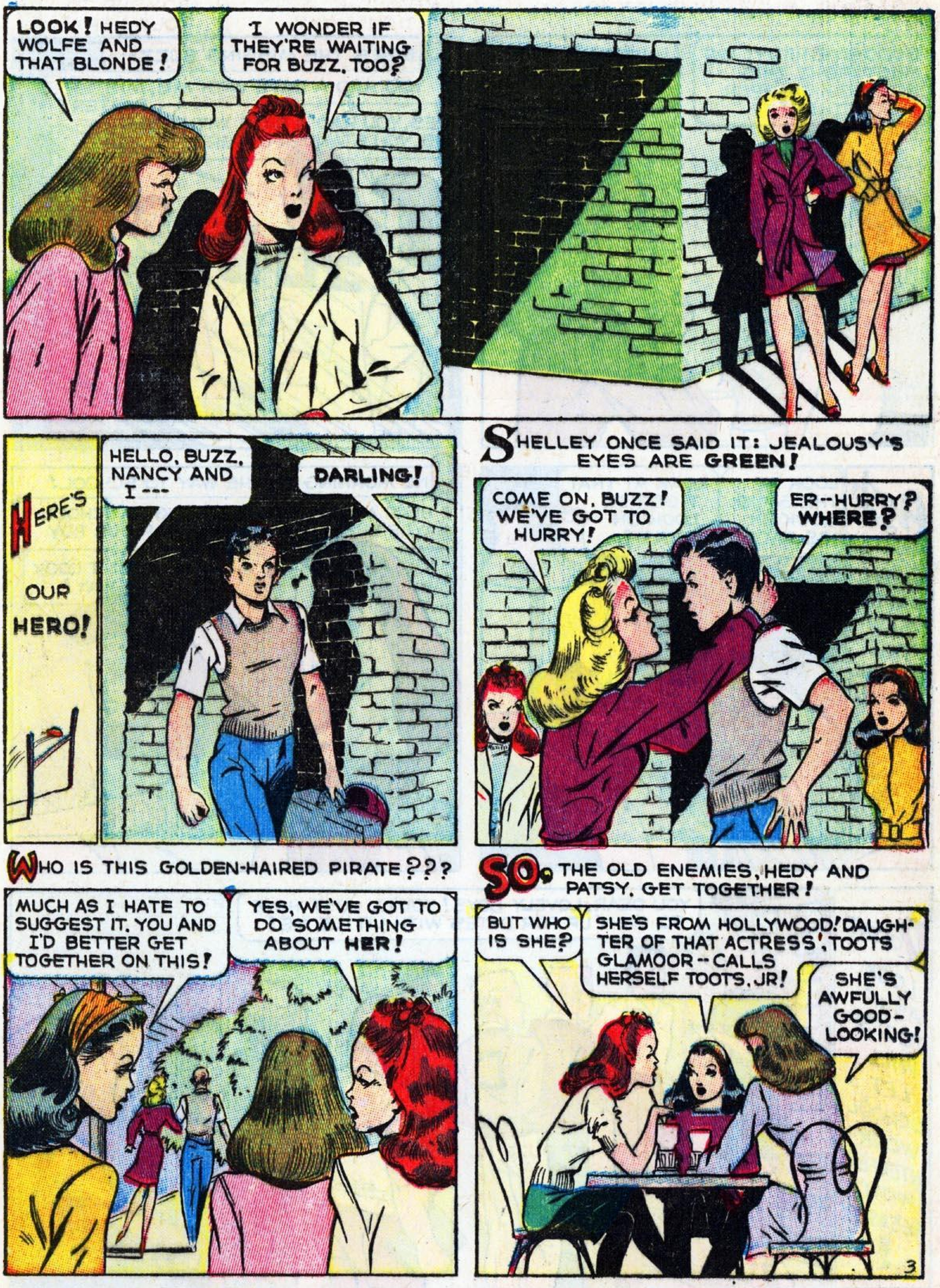
POP JUST HAS TO LOOK INTO THIS.
MIND THE OFFICE, WURDLE, I'VE GOT AN ERRAND TO DO!
AND WHILE MR. WALKER HURRIES TO THE SCENE...
NO, BUZZ, NO! HE'LL HURT YOU, HE'LL DO SOMETHING AWFUL!
NOW LET'S BE REASONABLE, MR. WHITE!! WE CAN STRAIGHTEN THINGS OUT!
YOU ASKED FOR IT, YOUNG MAN!
HEH! HEH! HEH! THAT FIXES YOU!
FLOUR
PLOOP!
FLOOF!
PINPOINT BOMBING, MR. WHITE, BUT UNKIND, FOR ALL THAT—
I TOLD YOU NOT TO FOLLOW ME...
I'M SO MAD, I COULD... I COULD...
ME TOO!
IN THE MEANTIME, PATSY'S FATHER NEARS THE SCENE...
MARY, WAIT A MINUTE, WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
I JUST HAD THE MOST AWFUL PHONE CALL FROM MR. WHITE!
5

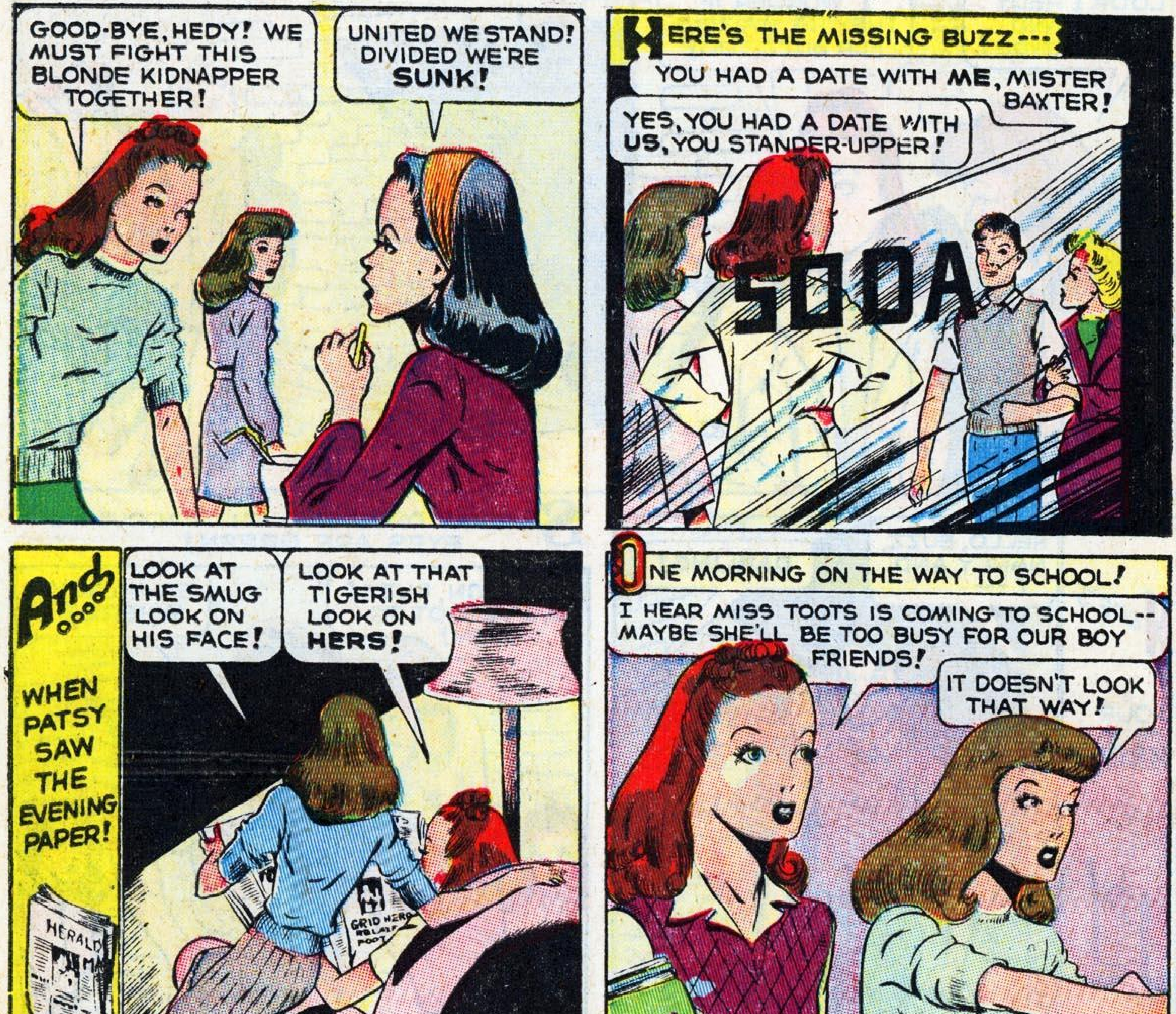
EXPLAIN THIS HOODLUMISM, YOUNG LADY!
WHATEVER CAME OVER YOU, THROWING FOOTBALLS AT POOR MR. WHITE?
WAIT'LL I EXPLAIN, PARENTS! DON'T BE HASTY!
THAT PUTS A NEW LIGHT ON IT, DOESN'T IT?
BULLY MY KIDS, WILL HE? THAT OLD BLANKETY-BLANK...
STANLEY! YOUR LANGUAGE! THE CHILDREN...
RIGHT INTO THE LION'S DEN, GOES STANLEY WALKER!
OH, DEAR! I HOPE THERE'S NO VIOLENCE.
POP HAS AN AWFUL TEMPER!
OPEN UP, YOU, OLD BUZZARD! I KNOW YOU'RE IN THERE.
I'M COMING, I'M COMING...
GO AWAY...I HATE STRANGERS! I HATE PEOPLE I KNOW TOO!
I'M COMING IN, IF I HAVE TO KICK YOUR DOOR IN!

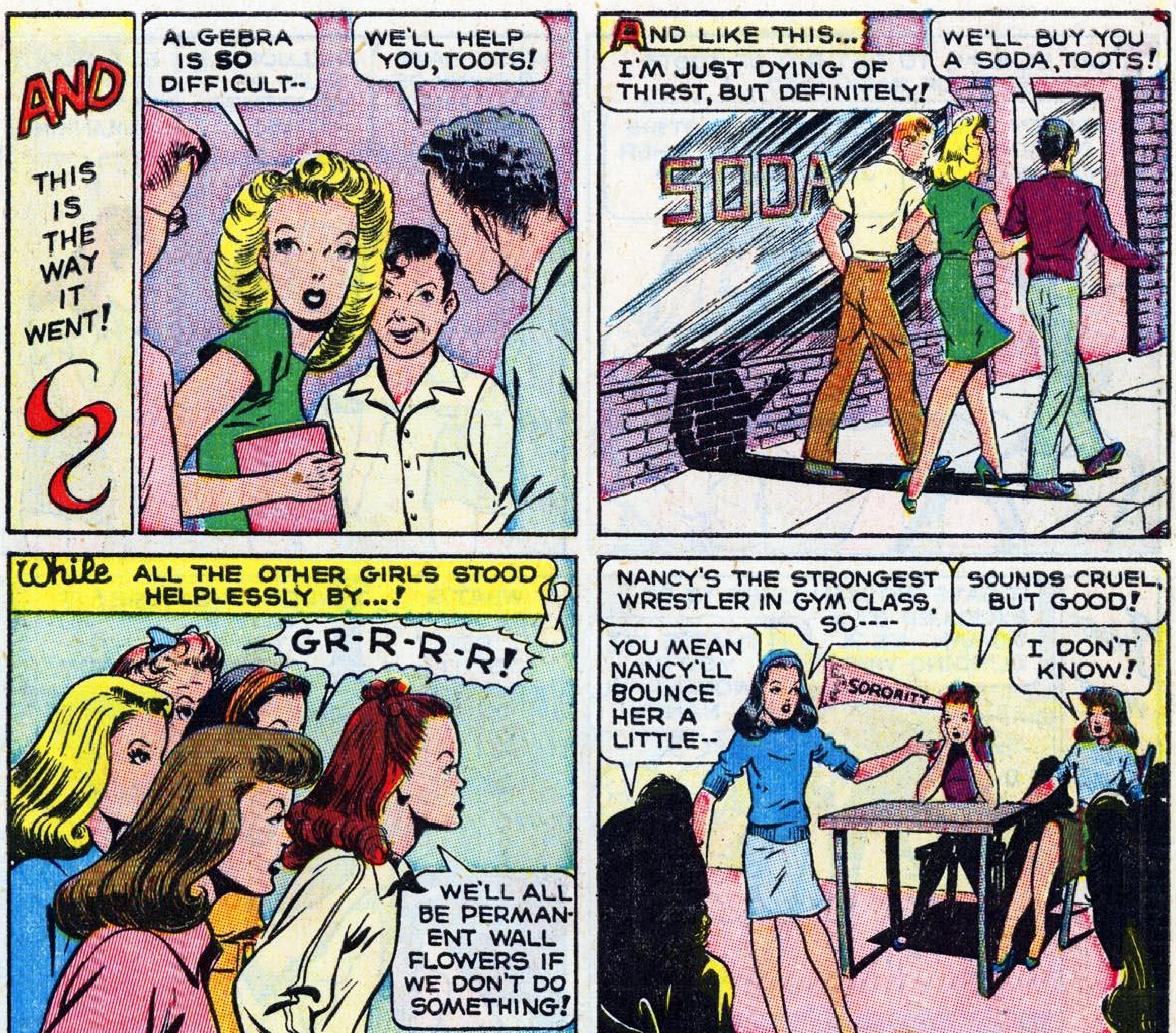

POP HAS BEEN IN THE HOUSE FIVE MINUTES, AND . . .
HE'S BEEN IN THERE A LONG TIME.
MAYBE WE'D BETTER CALL THE POLICE...
WHILE IN THE HOUSE...
CRICK IN MY NECK, ...HURTS ALL THE TIME-MAKES ME NASTY... MEAN!
I STUDIED CHIROPRACTIC ONCE... NOW IF I GAVE IT A TWIST...
HEY... THE PAIN'S GONE- YOU'RE WONDERFUL, MR. WALKER!
KEE-REEK
THANKS A LOT... HERE'S YOUR SON'S FOOTBALL.
HERE YOU ARE, MICKEY, CATCH!
OH, BOY! POP DID IT!
RIGHT BACK AT YOU, POP!
KEE-RASH!
GOL-BLAMED... BLANKETY!
I'LL BUY YOU ANOTHER FOOTBALL, SON!
THE END

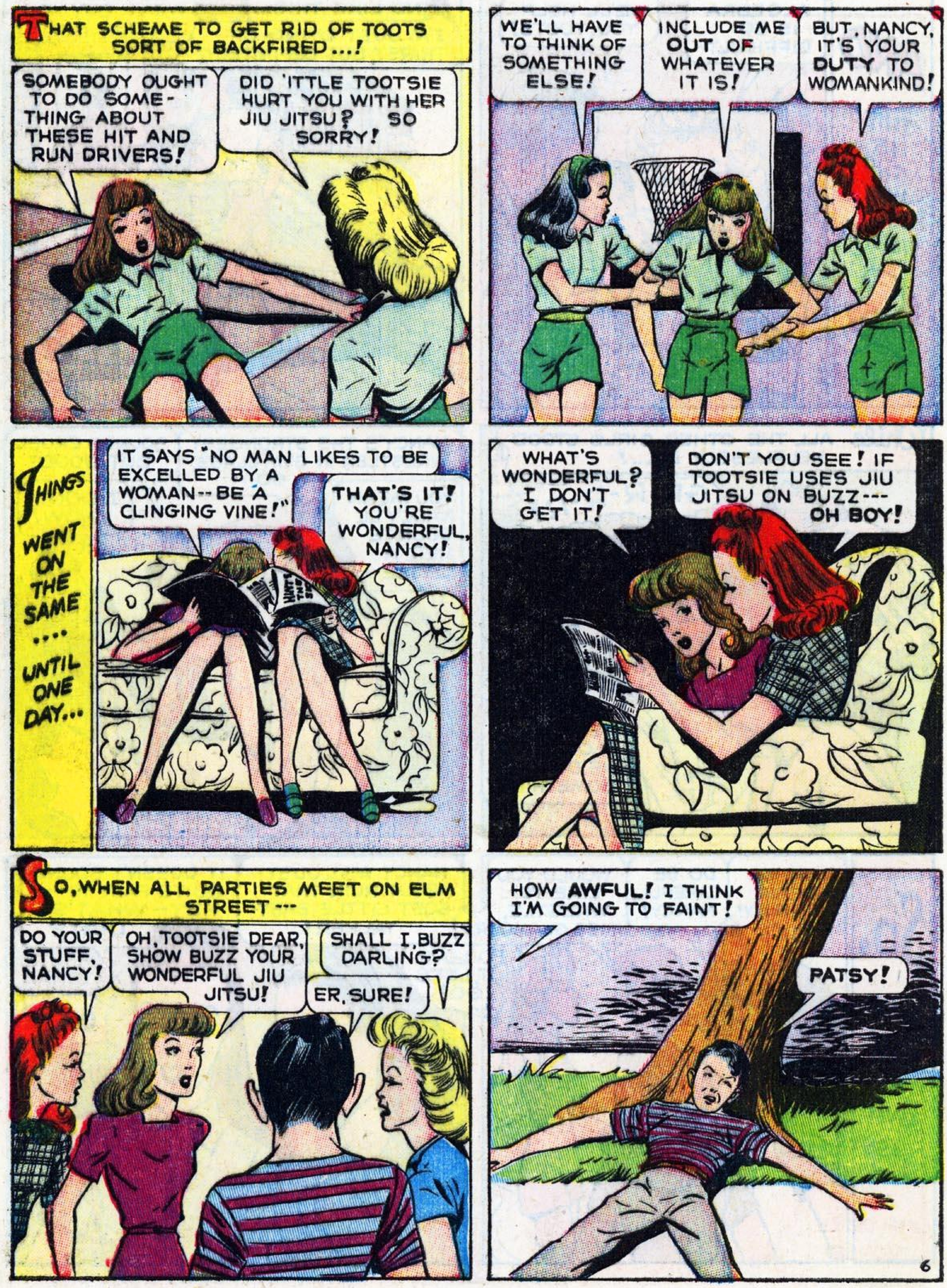

Patsy Walker
COME ON, BUZZ DARLING--MAKE A TOUCHDOWN FOR TOOTSIE!
CENTERVILLE
THRU THESE PORTALS PASS THE BEST FOOTBALL PLAYERS IN THE CITY
ONE AFTERNOON DURING THE HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL SEASON--
HURRY, PATSY! WE'LL BE LATE FOR THE GAME!
I DO HOPE BUZZ DOESN'T CATCH COLD OUT ON THAT WET OLD FOOTBALL FIELD!
I NEVER KNEW IT TO FAIL--RIGHT BEHIND A POST!
AND--DON'T LOOK NOW--RIGHT NEXT TO A W-O-L-F-E-S-S NAMED HEDY!

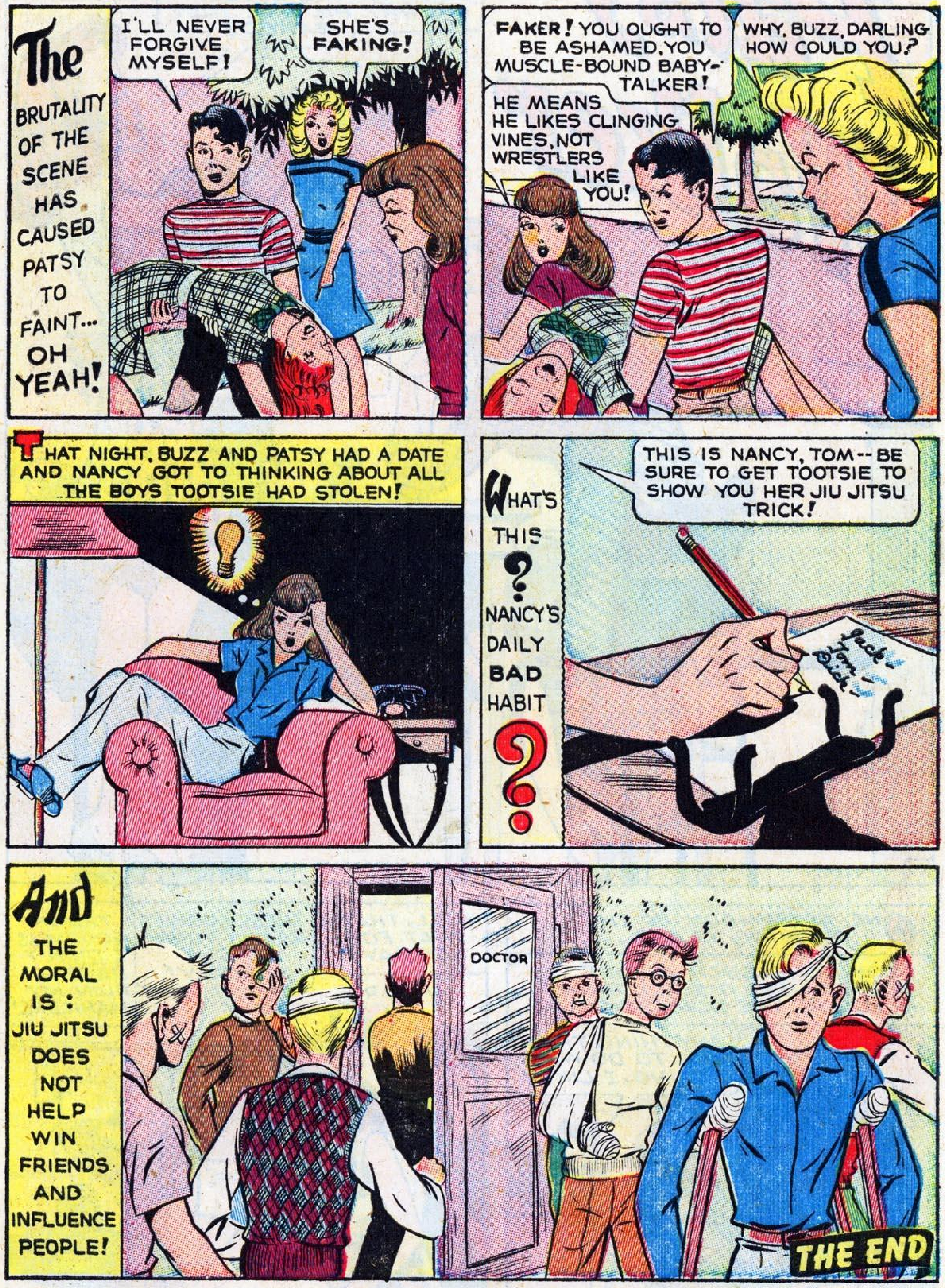

WELL, THE GAME'S ABOUT TO START!
THERE'S BUZZ--I THINK! YOO-HOO! **BUZZ!** HERE WE ARE!
YOO-HOO! BUZZ DARLING!
WHO SAID THAT? I MEAN THAT **BUZZ DARLING?**
THE BLONDE BOMBER TO YOUR LEFT!
YOO-HOO, BUZZIE DEAR!
THAT'S BUZZ, MY BOY FRIEND!
FIRST THAT BLONDE AND NOW HEDY! **SAY,** WHO'S BOY FRIEND **IS** BUZZ?
AT LAST THE GREAT GAME'S UNDER WAY!
WOULD YOU MIND TELLING ME WHAT'S THE SCORE?
DON'T BE SO UTTERLY NAIVE, FAT STUFF!
AS THE GAME DRAWS TO A CLOSE....!
BUZZ, DARLING, I LOVE YOU!
THAT BUZZ DARLIN' IS BEGINNING TO IRK ME!
WELL, READER, YOU SAW AS MUCH OF THE GAME AS PATSY AND NANCY DID!
I WONDER IF WE WON?
I WONDER IF BUZZ WILL MEET US LIKE HE SAID?

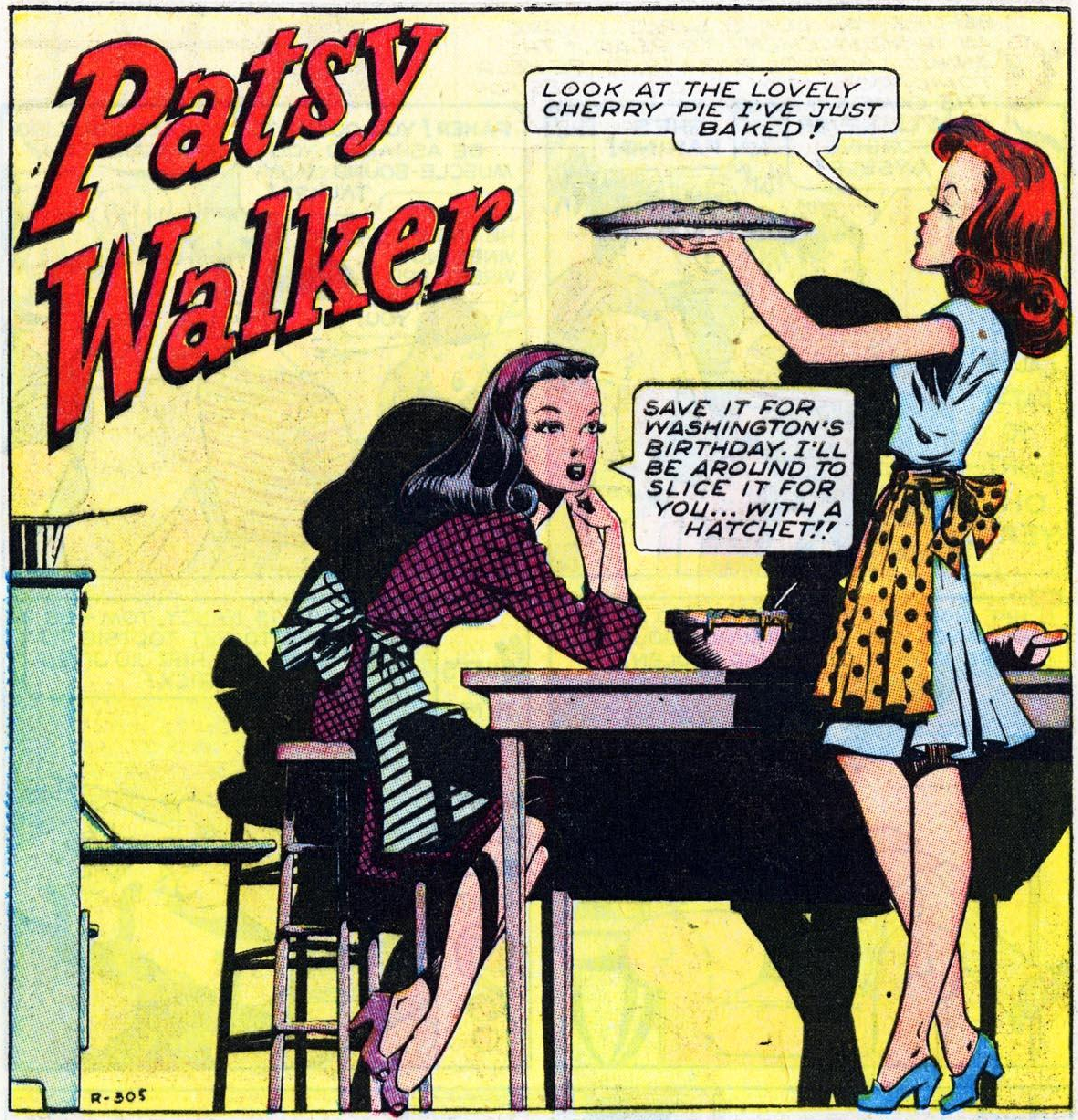

LOOK! HEDY WOLFE AND THAT BLONDE!
I WONDER IF THEY'RE WAITING FOR BUZZ, TOO?
HERE'S OUR HERO!
HELLO, BUZZ, NANCY AND I ---
DARLING!
SHELLEY ONCE SAID IT: JEALOUSY'S EYES ARE GREEN!
COME ON, BUZZ! WE'VE GOT TO HURRY!
ER--HURRY? WHERE?
WHO IS THIS GOLDEN-HAIRED PIRATE???
MUCH AS I HATE TO SUGGEST IT, YOU AND I'D BETTER GET TOGETHER ON THIS!
YES, WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT HER!
SO, THE OLD ENEMIES, HEDY AND PATSY, GET TOGETHER!
BUT WHO IS SHE?
SHE'S FROM HOLLYWOOD! DAUGHTER OF THAT ACTRESS, TOOTS GLAMOOR -- CALLS HERSELF TOOTS, JR!
SHE'S AWFULLY GOOD-LOOKING!

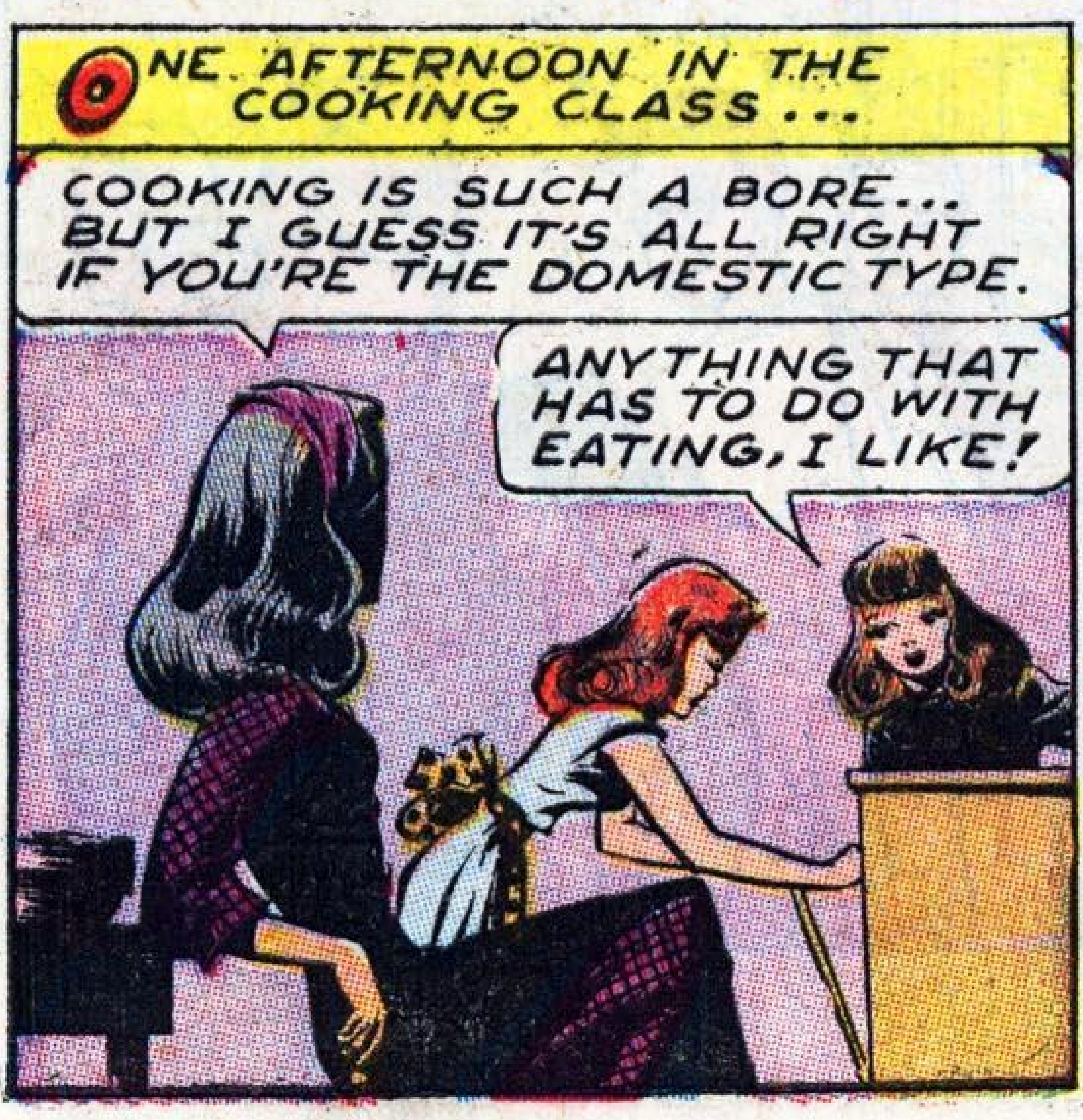

GOOD-BYE, HEDY! WE MUST FIGHT THIS BLONDE KIDNAPPER TOGETHER!
UNITED WE STAND! DIVIDED WE'RE **SUNK!**
HERE'S THE MISSING BUZZ---
YOU HAD A DATE WITH **ME**, MISTER BAXTER!
YES, YOU HAD A DATE WITH **US**, YOU STANDER-UPPER!
SODA
And.... WHEN PATSY SAW THE EVENING PAPER!
HERALD
LOOK AT THE SMUG LOOK ON HIS FACE!
LOOK AT THAT TIGERISH LOOK ON **HERS!**
GRID HERO
ONE MORNING ON THE WAY TO SCHOOL!
I HEAR MISS TOOTS IS COMING TO SCHOOL-- MAYBE SHE'LL BE TOO BUSY FOR OUR BOY FRIENDS!
IT DOESN'T LOOK THAT WAY!
DOESN'T LOOK AS IF TOOTS WILL LET SCHOOL WORK INTERFERE WITH PLEASURE!
YOU DEAR, LOVELY BOYS! YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO SIGN UP FOR DATES WITH LITTLE ME!
C

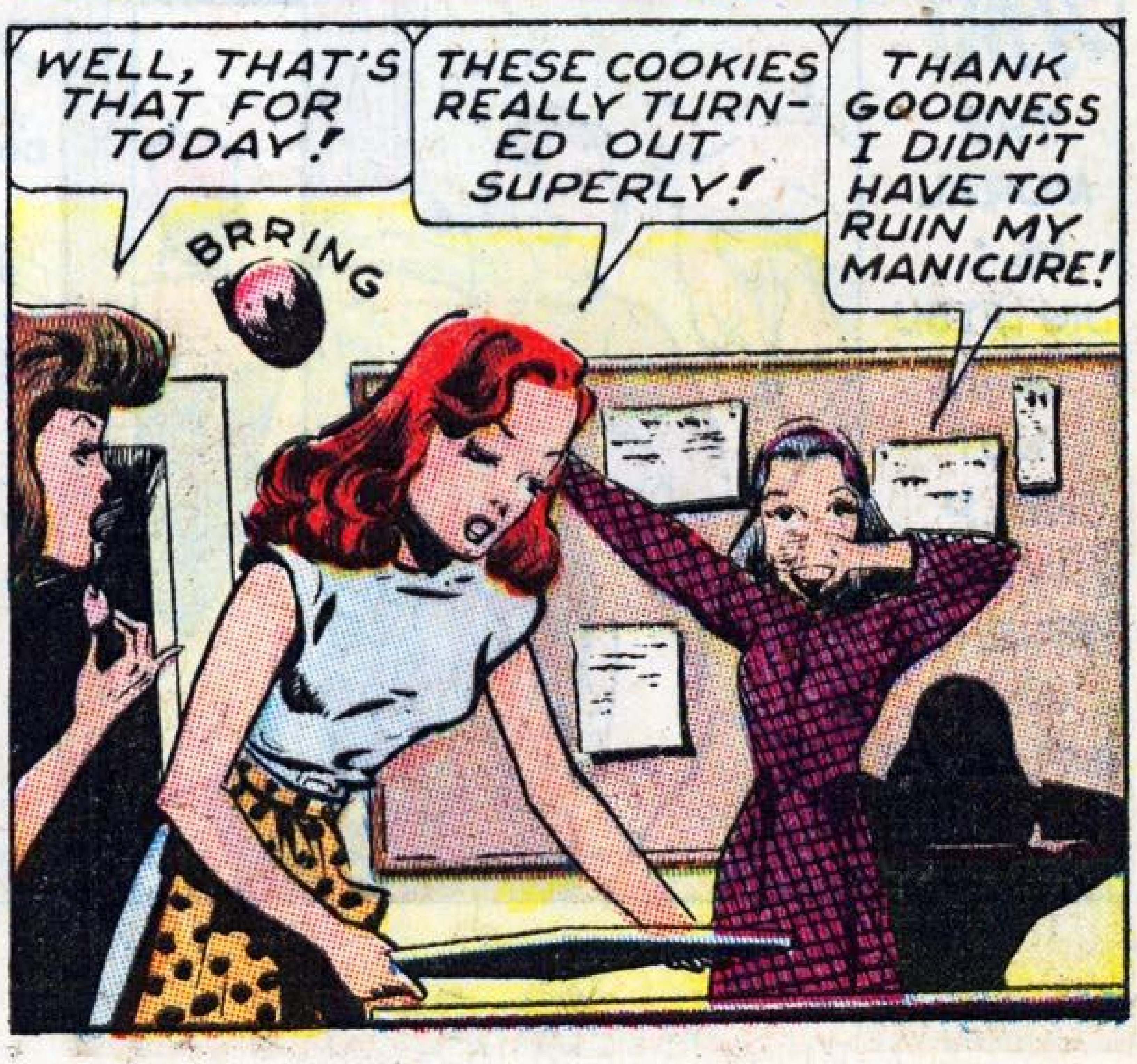

AND THIS IS THE WAY IT WENT!
ALGEBRA IS SO DIFFICULT--
WE'LL HELP YOU, TOOTS!
AND LIKE THIS...
I'M JUST DYING OF THIRST, BUT DEFINITELY!
WE'LL BUY YOU A SODA, TOOTS!
SODA
While ALL THE OTHER GIRLS STOOD HELPLESSLY BY...!
GR-R-R-R!
WE'LL ALL BE PERMANENT WALL FLOWERS IF WE DON'T DO SOMETHING!
NANCY'S THE STRONGEST WRESTLER IN GYM CLASS, SO----
SOUNDS CRUEL, BUT GOOD!
YOU MEAN NANCY'LL BOUNCE HER A LITTLE--
SORORITY
I DON'T KNOW!
So, NEXT DAY AT GYM CLASS---
WRING HER NECK FOR HER, NANCY!
DO BE CAREFUL, NANCY!
WOULD YOU LIKE TO WRESTLE, MISS GLAMOOR?
I'D LOVE IT, LET'S GO!
NANCY WILL JUST ABOUT RUIN THAT SOFT LITTLE BABY-TALKER!
IT DOESN'T SOUND QUITE FAIR TO--- HEY-- WHAT'S THAT?
OUCH!

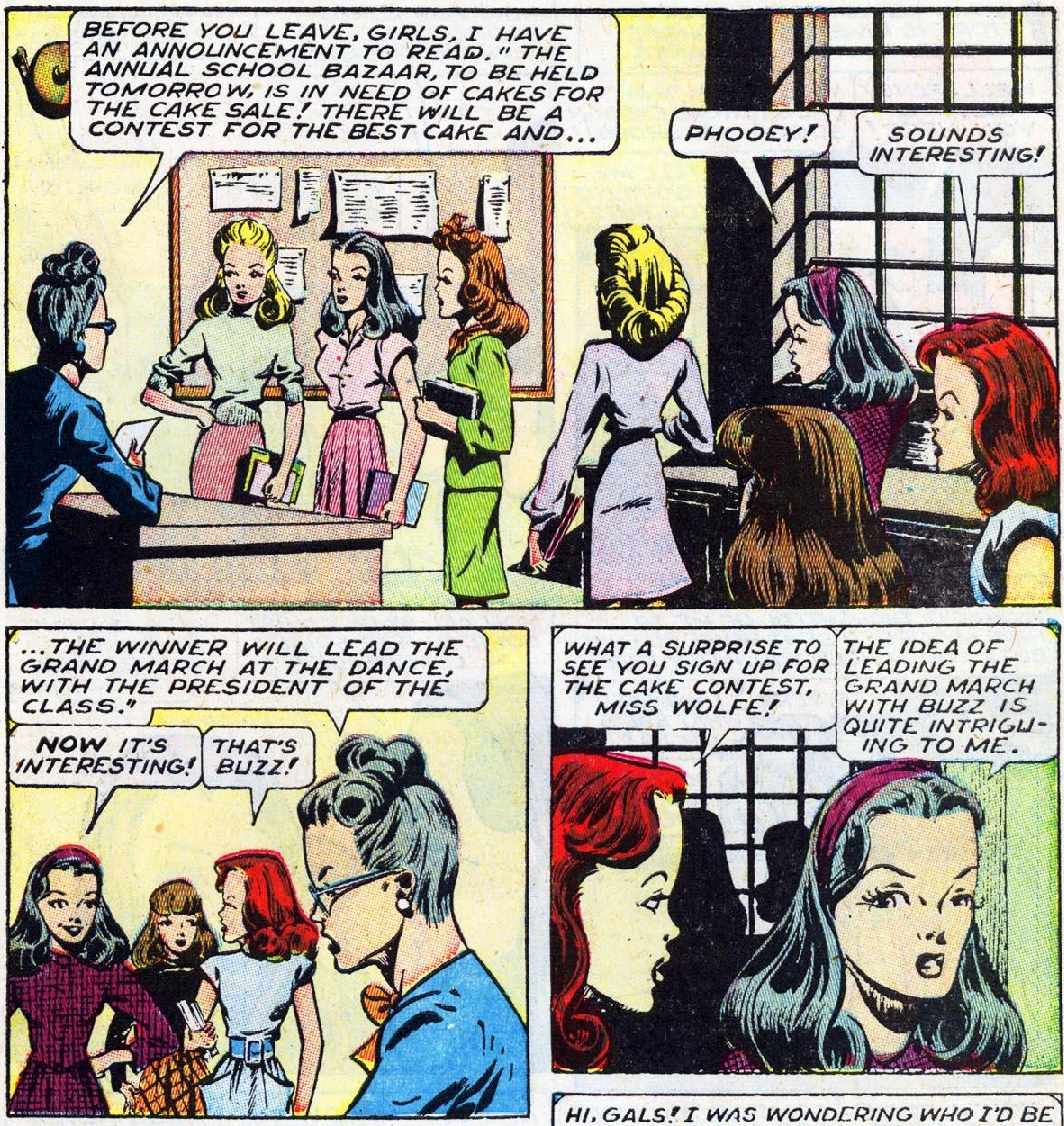

THAT SCHEME TO GET RID OF TOOTS SORT OF BACKFIRED...!
SOMEBODY OUGHT TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT THESE HIT AND RUN DRIVERS!
DID 'ITTLE TOOTSIE HURT YOU WITH HER JIU JITSU? SO SORRY!
WE'LL HAVE TO THINK OF SOMETHING ELSE!
INCLUDE ME OUT OF WHATEVER IT IS!
BUT, NANCY, IT'S YOUR DUTY TO WOMANKIND!
THINGS WENT ON THE SAME .... UNTIL ONE DAY...
IT SAYS "NO MAN LIKES TO BE EXCELLED BY A WOMAN--BE A CLINGING VINE!"
THAT'S IT! YOU'RE WONDERFUL, NANCY!
WHAT'S WONDERFUL? I DON'T GET IT!
DON'T YOU SEE! IF TOOTSIE USES JIU JITSU ON BUZZ--- OH BOY!
SO, WHEN ALL PARTIES MEET ON ELM STREET---
DO YOUR STUFF, NANCY!
OH, TOOTSIE DEAR, SHOW BUZZ YOUR WONDERFUL JIU JITSU!
SHALL I, BUZZ DARLING?
ER, SURE!
HOW AWFUL! I THINK I'M GOING TO FAINT!
PATSY!

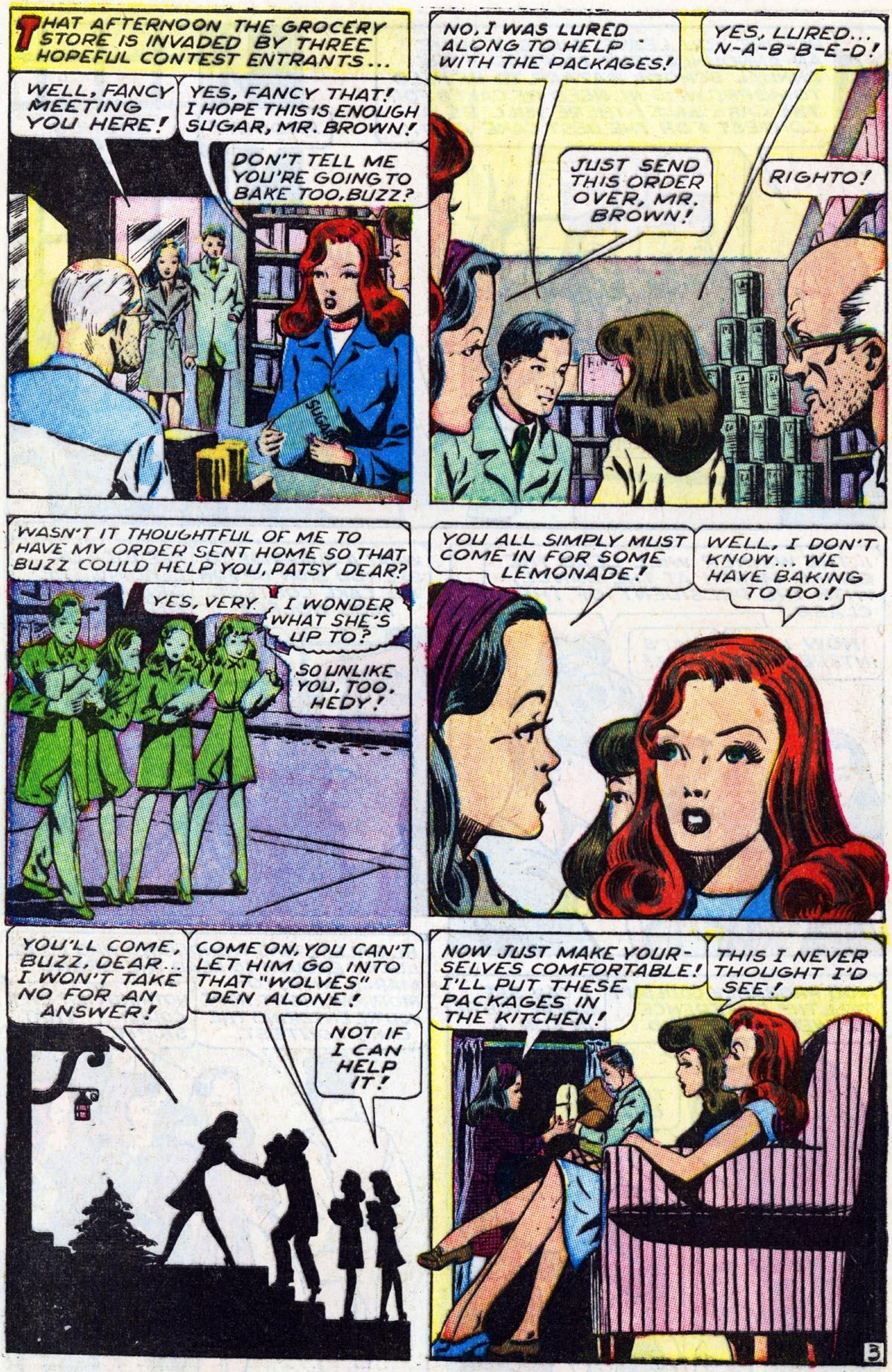

The BRUTALITY OF THE SCENE HAS CAUSED PATSY TO FAINT... OH YEAH!
I'LL NEVER FORGIVE MYSELF!
SHE'S FAKING!
FAKER! YOU OUGHT TO BE ASHAMED, YOU MUSCLE-BOUND BABY-TALKER!
WHY, BUZZ, DARLING HOW COULD YOU?
HE MEANS HE LIKES CLINGING VINES, NOT WRESTLERS LIKE YOU!
THAT NIGHT, BUZZ AND PATSY HAD A DATE AND NANCY GOT TO THINKING ABOUT ALL THE BOYS TOOTSIE HAD STOLEN!
WHAT'S THIS ? NANCY'S DAILY BAD HABIT ?
THIS IS NANCY, TOM-- BE SURE TO GET TOOTSIE TO SHOW YOU HER JIU JITSU TRICK!
Jack-
Tom-
Dick-
And THE MORAL IS: JIU JITSU DOES NOT HELP WIN FRIENDS AND INFLUENCE PEOPLE!
DOCTOR
THE END

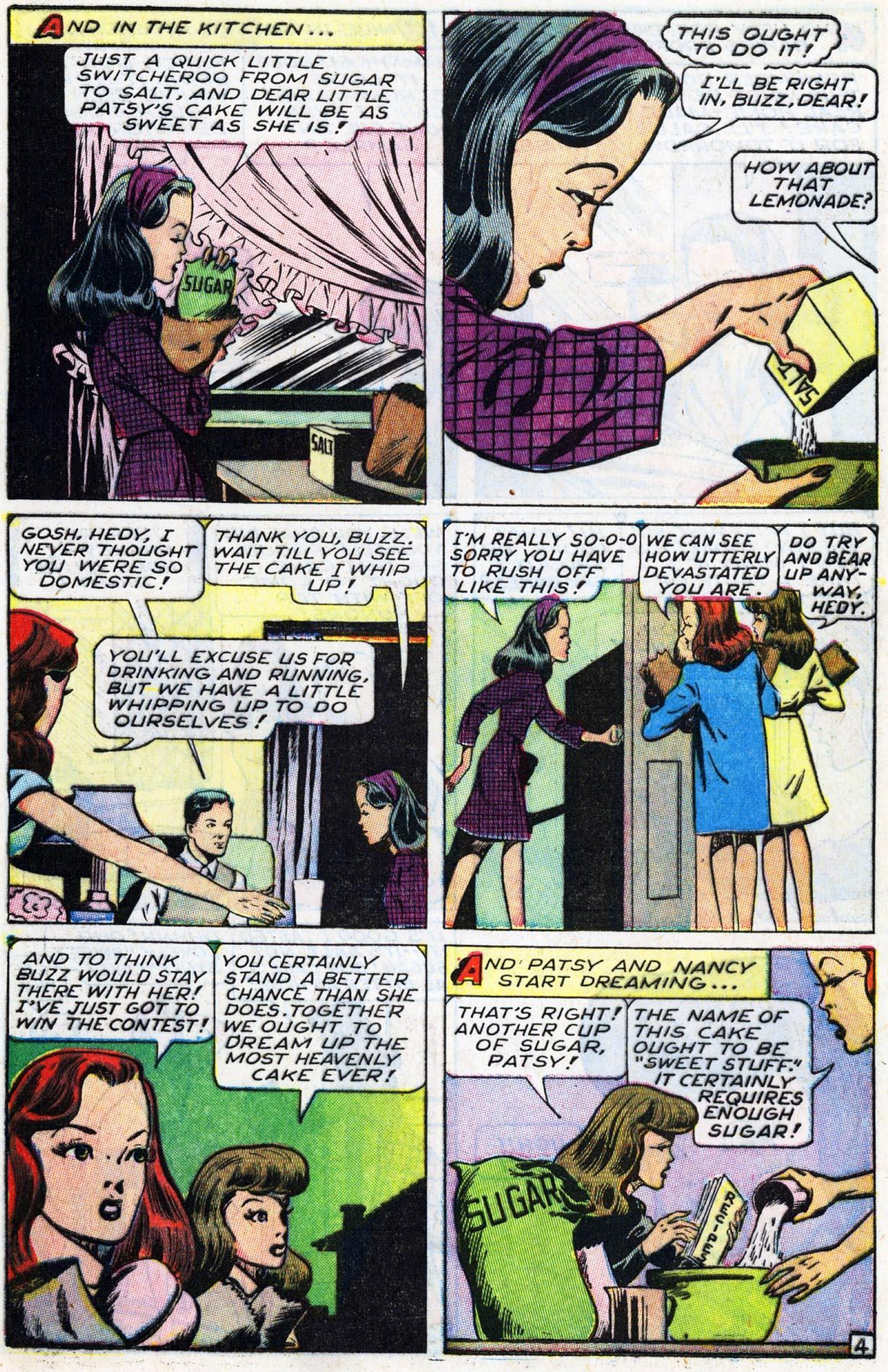

Patsy Walker
LOOK AT THE LOVELY CHERRY PIE I'VE JUST BAKED!
SAVE IT FOR WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY. I'LL BE AROUND TO SLICE IT FOR YOU... WITH A HATCHET!!
R-305

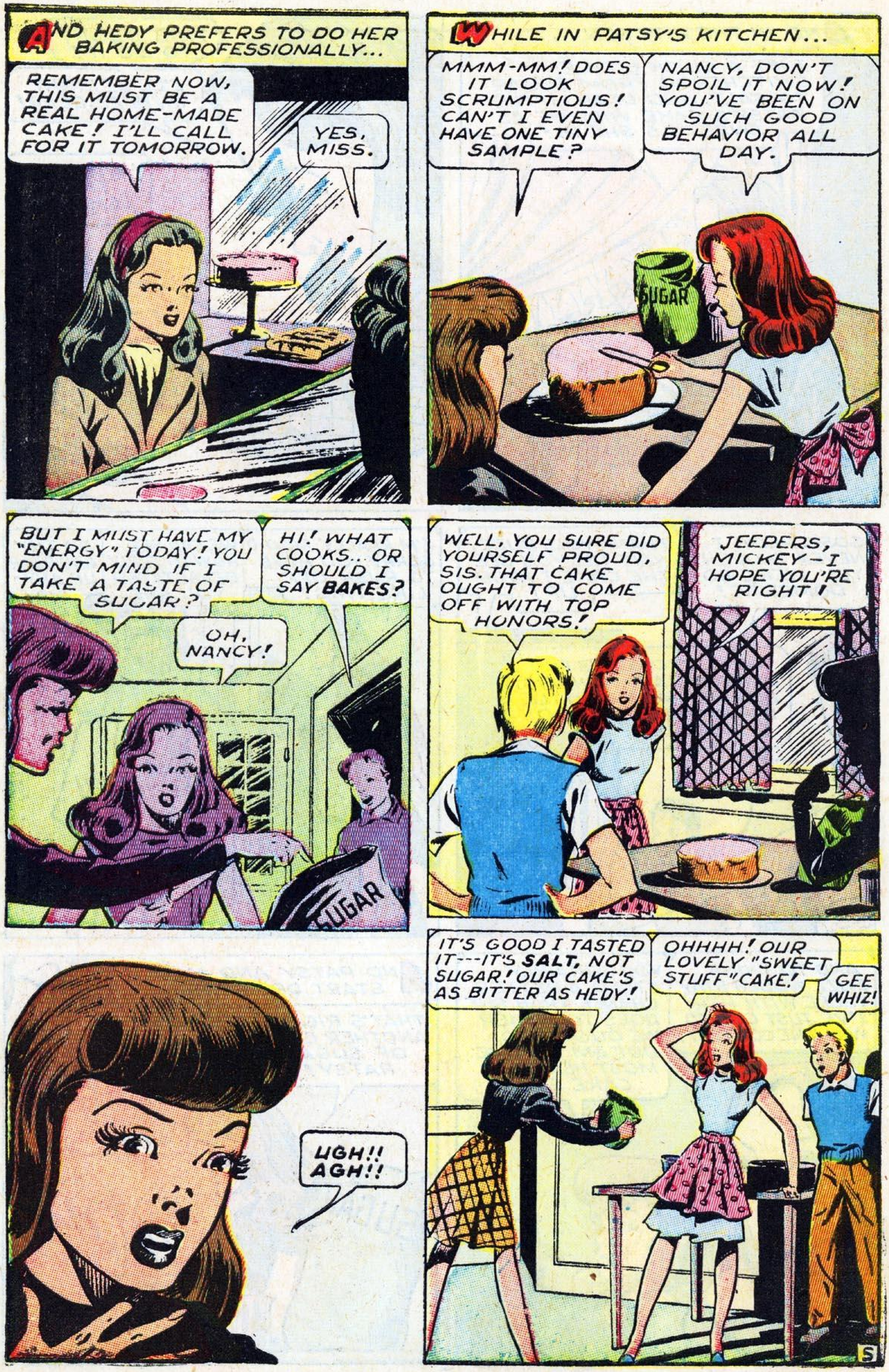

ONE AFTERNOON IN THE COOKING CLASS...
COOKING IS SUCH A BORE... BUT I GUESS IT'S ALL RIGHT IF YOU'RE THE DOMESTIC TYPE.
ANYTHING THAT HAS TO DO WITH EATING, I LIKE!

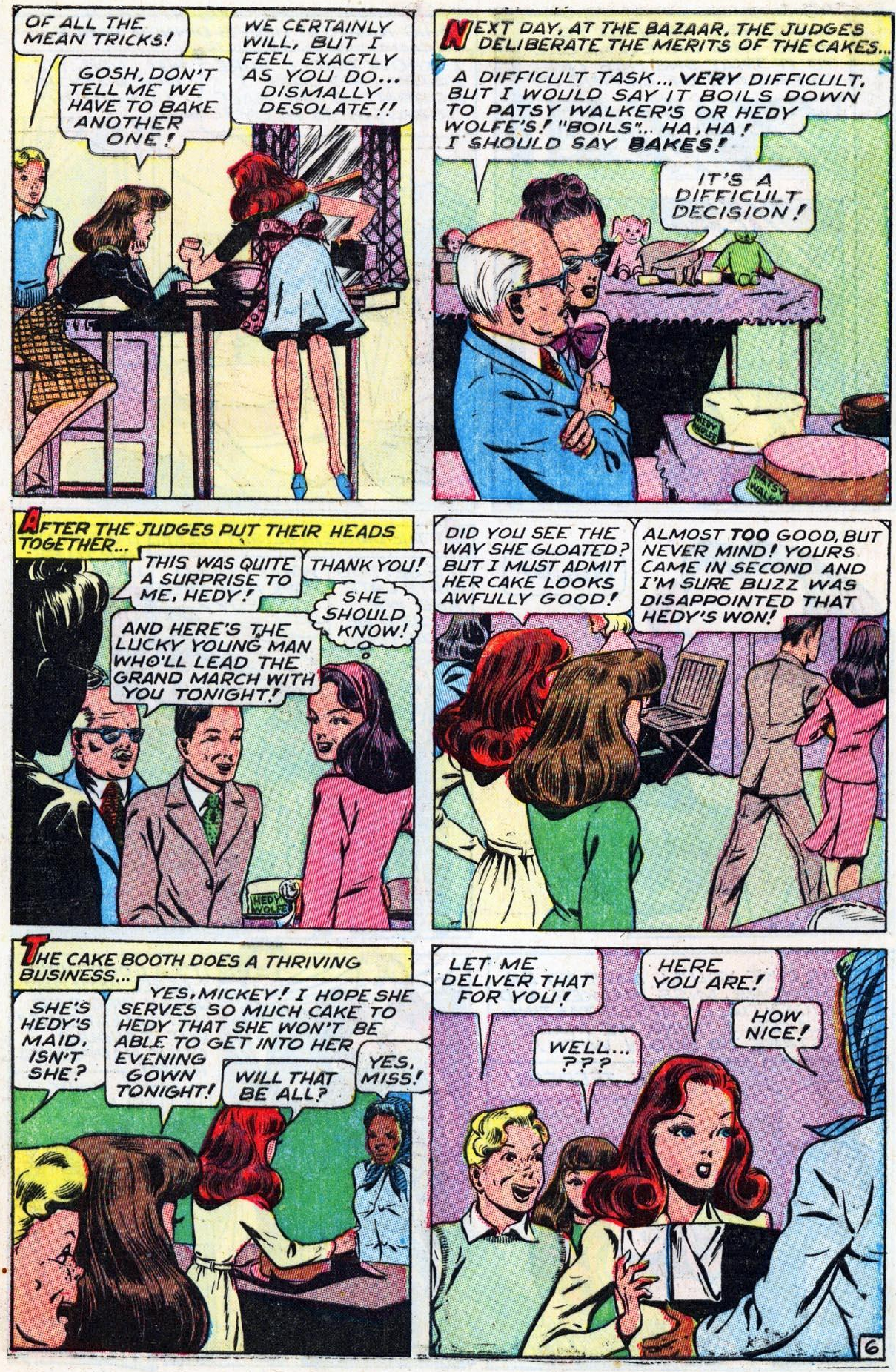

WELL, THAT'S THAT FOR TODAY!
BRRING
THESE COOKIES REALLY TURNED OUT SUPERLY!
THANK GOODNESS I DIDN'T HAVE TO RUIN MY MANICURE!

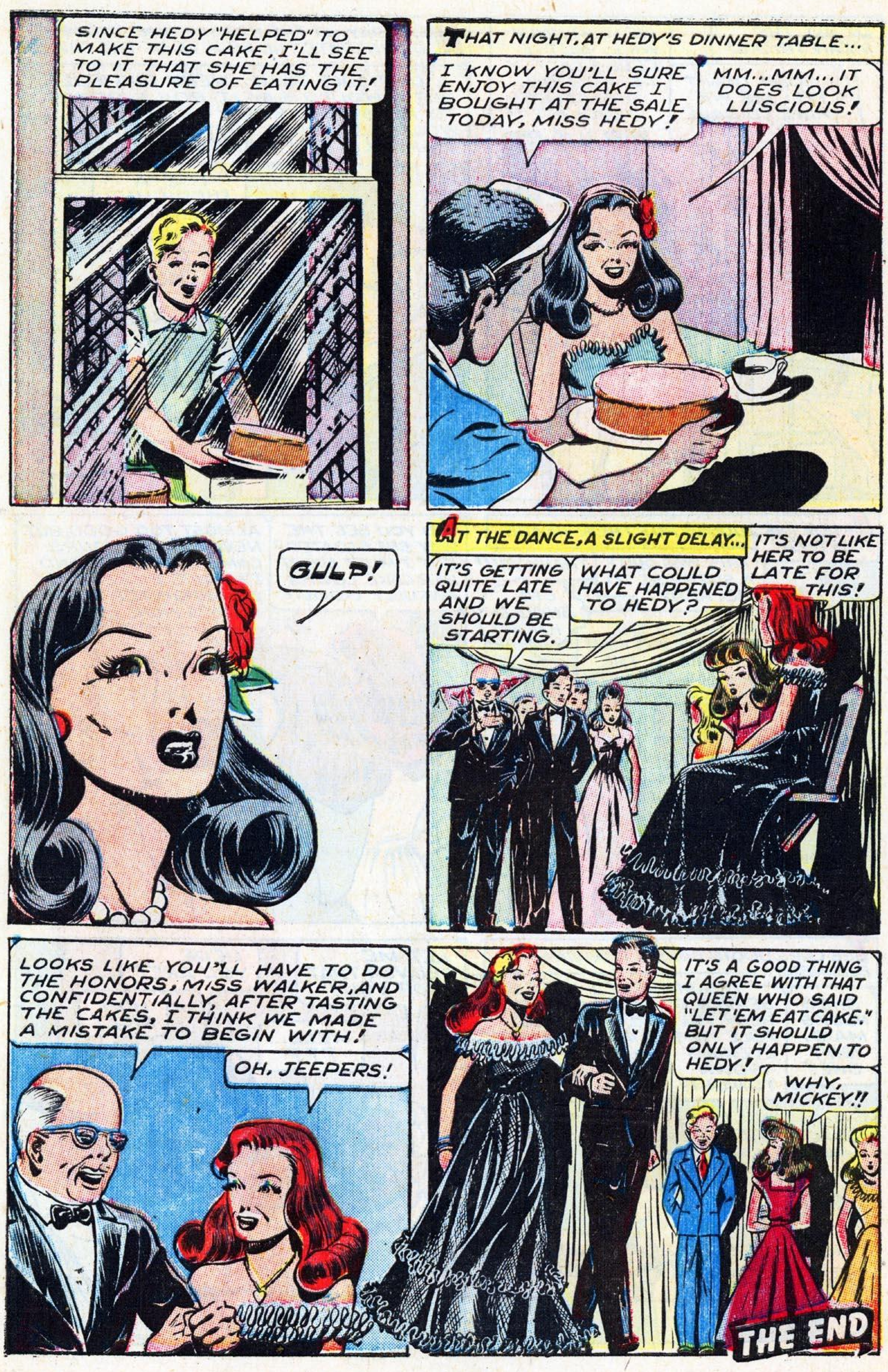

BEFORE YOU LEAVE, GIRLS, I HAVE AN ANNOUNCEMENT TO READ. "THE ANNUAL SCHOOL BAZAAR, TO BE HELD TOMORROW, IS IN NEED OF CAKES FOR THE CAKE SALE! THERE WILL BE A CONTEST FOR THE BEST CAKE AND...
PHOOEY!
SOUNDS INTERESTING!
...THE WINNER WILL LEAD THE GRAND MARCH AT THE DANCE, WITH THE PRESIDENT OF THE CLASS."
NOW IT'S INTERESTING!
THAT'S BUZZ!
WHAT A SURPRISE TO SEE YOU SIGN UP FOR THE CAKE CONTEST, MISS WOLFE!
THE IDEA OF LEADING THE GRAND MARCH WITH BUZZ IS QUITE INTRIGUING TO ME.
YOU PROBABLY COULDN'T TELL THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN SALT AND PEPPER!
I CAN SEE WHERE YOU'RE IN FOR A LOT OF SURPRISES!
THAT'S BUZZ!
HI, GALS! I WAS WONDERING WHO I'D BE LUCKY ENOUGH TO LEAD THE GRAND MARCH WITH, TOMORROW NIGHT. HOPE YOU'RE ENTERING THE CAKE CONTEST.
NOTHING COULD STOP ME.
NOT EVEN THAT MANICURE?


THAT AFTERNOON THE GROCERY STORE IS INVADED BY THREE HOPEFUL CONTEST ENTRANTS...
WELL, FANCY MEETING YOU HERE!
YES, FANCY THAT! I HOPE THIS IS ENOUGH SUGAR, MR. BROWN!
DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE GOING TO BAKE TOO, BUZZ?
SUGAR
NO, I WAS LURED ALONG TO HELP WITH THE PACKAGES!
YES, LURED... N-A-B-B-E-D!
JUST SEND THIS ORDER OVER, MR. BROWN!
RIGHTO!
WASN'T IT THOUGHTFUL OF ME TO HAVE MY ORDER SENT HOME SO THAT BUZZ COULD HELP YOU, PATSY DEAR?
YES, VERY.
I WONDER WHAT SHE'S UP TO?
SO UNLIKE YOU, TOO, HEDY!
YOU ALL SIMPLY MUST COME IN FOR SOME LEMONADE!
WELL, I DON'T KNOW... WE HAVE BAKING TO DO!
YOU'LL COME, BUZZ, DEAR... I WON'T TAKE NO FOR AN ANSWER!
COME ON, YOU CAN'T LET HIM GO INTO THAT "WOLVES" DEN ALONE!
NOT IF I CAN HELP IT!
NOW JUST MAKE YOURSELVES COMFORTABLE! I'LL PUT THESE PACKAGES IN THE KITCHEN!
THIS I NEVER THOUGHT I'D SEE!


AND IN THE KITCHEN...
JUST A QUICK LITTLE SWITCHEROO FROM SUGAR TO SALT, AND DEAR LITTLE PATSY'S CAKE WILL BE AS SWEET AS SHE IS!
SUGAR
SALT
THIS OUGHT TO DO IT!
I'LL BE RIGHT IN, BUZZ, DEAR!
HOW ABOUT THAT LEMONADE?
SALT
GOSH, HEDY, I NEVER THOUGHT YOU WERE SO DOMESTIC!
THANK YOU, BUZZ. WAIT TILL YOU SEE THE CAKE I WHIP UP!
YOU'LL EXCUSE US FOR DRINKING AND RUNNING, BUT WE HAVE A LITTLE WHIPPING UP TO DO OURSELVES!
I'M REALLY SO-O-O SORRY YOU HAVE TO RUSH OFF LIKE THIS!
WE CAN SEE HOW UTTERLY DEVASTATED YOU ARE.
DO TRY AND BEAR UP ANYWAY, HEDY.
AND TO THINK BUZZ WOULD STAY THERE WITH HER! I'VE JUST GOT TO WIN THE CONTEST!
YOU CERTAINLY STAND A BETTER CHANCE THAN SHE DOES. TOGETHER WE OUGHT TO DREAM UP THE MOST HEAVENLY CAKE EVER!
AND PATSY AND NANCY START DREAMING...
THAT'S RIGHT! ANOTHER CUP OF SUGAR, PATSY!
THE NAME OF THIS CAKE OUGHT TO BE "SWEET STUFF." IT CERTAINLY REQUIRES ENOUGH SUGAR!
SUGAR
RECIPES


AND HEDY PREFERS TO DO HER BAKING PROFESSIONALLY...
REMEMBER NOW, THIS MUST BE A REAL HOME-MADE CAKE! I'LL CALL FOR IT TOMORROW.
YES, MISS.
WHILE IN PATSY'S KITCHEN...
MMM-MM! DOES IT LOOK SCRUMPTIOUS! CAN'T I EVEN HAVE ONE TINY SAMPLE?
NANCY, DON'T SPOIL IT NOW! YOU'VE BEEN ON SUCH GOOD BEHAVIOR ALL DAY.
SUGAR
BUT I MUST HAVE MY "ENERGY" TODAY! YOU DON'T MIND IF I TAKE A TASTE OF SUGAR?
HI! WHAT COOKS... OR SHOULD I SAY BAKES?
OH, NANCY!
SUGAR
WELL, YOU SURE DID YOURSELF PROUD, SIS. THAT CAKE OUGHT TO COME OFF WITH TOP HONORS!
JEEPERS, MICKEY—I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT!
UGH!! AGH!!
IT'S GOOD I TASTED IT---IT'S SALT, NOT SUGAR! OUR CAKE'S AS BITTER AS HEDY!
OHHHH! OUR LOVELY "SWEET STUFF" CAKE!
GEE WHIZ!
5


OF ALL THE MEAN TRICKS!
GOSH, DON'T TELL ME WE HAVE TO BAKE ANOTHER ONE!
WE CERTAINLY WILL, BUT I FEEL EXACTLY AS YOU DO... DISMALLY DESOLATE!!
NEXT DAY, AT THE BAZAAR, THE JUDGES DELIBERATE THE MERITS OF THE CAKES...
A DIFFICULT TASK... VERY DIFFICULT, BUT I WOULD SAY IT BOILS DOWN TO PATSY WALKER'S OR HEDY WOLFE'S! "BOILS"... HA, HA! I SHOULD SAY BAKES!
IT'S A DIFFICULT DECISION!
HEDY WOLFE
PATSY WALKER
AFTER THE JUDGES PUT THEIR HEADS TOGETHER...
THIS WAS QUITE A SURPRISE TO ME, HEDY!
THANK YOU!
SHE SHOULD KNOW!
AND HERE'S THE LUCKY YOUNG MAN WHO'LL LEAD THE GRAND MARCH WITH YOU TONIGHT!
HEDY WOLFE
DID YOU SEE THE WAY SHE GLOATED? BUT I MUST ADMIT HER CAKE LOOKS AWFULLY GOOD!
ALMOST TOO GOOD, BUT NEVER MIND! YOURS CAME IN SECOND AND I'M SURE BUZZ WAS DISAPPOINTED THAT HEDY'S WON!
THE CAKE BOOTH DOES A THRIVING BUSINESS...
SHE'S HEDY'S MAID, ISN'T SHE?
YES, MICKEY! I HOPE SHE SERVES SO MUCH CAKE TO HEDY THAT SHE WON'T BE ABLE TO GET INTO HER EVENING GOWN TONIGHT!
WILL THAT BE ALL?
YES, MISS!
LET ME DELIVER THAT FOR YOU!
HERE YOU ARE!
HOW NICE!
WELL... ???


SINCE HEDY "HELPED" TO MAKE THIS CAKE, I'LL SEE TO IT THAT SHE HAS THE PLEASURE OF EATING IT!
THAT NIGHT, AT HEDY'S DINNER TABLE...
I KNOW YOU'LL SURE ENJOY THIS CAKE I BOUGHT AT THE SALE TODAY, MISS HEDY!
MM...MM... IT DOES LOOK LUSCIOUS!
GULP!
AT THE DANCE, A SLIGHT DELAY...
IT'S GETTING QUITE LATE AND WE SHOULD BE STARTING.
WHAT COULD HAVE HAPPENED TO HEDY?
IT'S NOT LIKE HER TO BE LATE FOR THIS!
LOOKS LIKE YOU'LL HAVE TO DO THE HONORS, MISS WALKER, AND CONFIDENTIALLY, AFTER TASTING THE CAKES, I THINK WE MADE A MISTAKE TO BEGIN WITH!
OH, JEEPERS!
IT'S A GOOD THING I AGREE WITH THAT QUEEN WHO SAID "LET 'EM EAT CAKE." BUT IT SHOULD ONLY HAPPEN TO HEDY!
WHY, MICKEY!!
THE END

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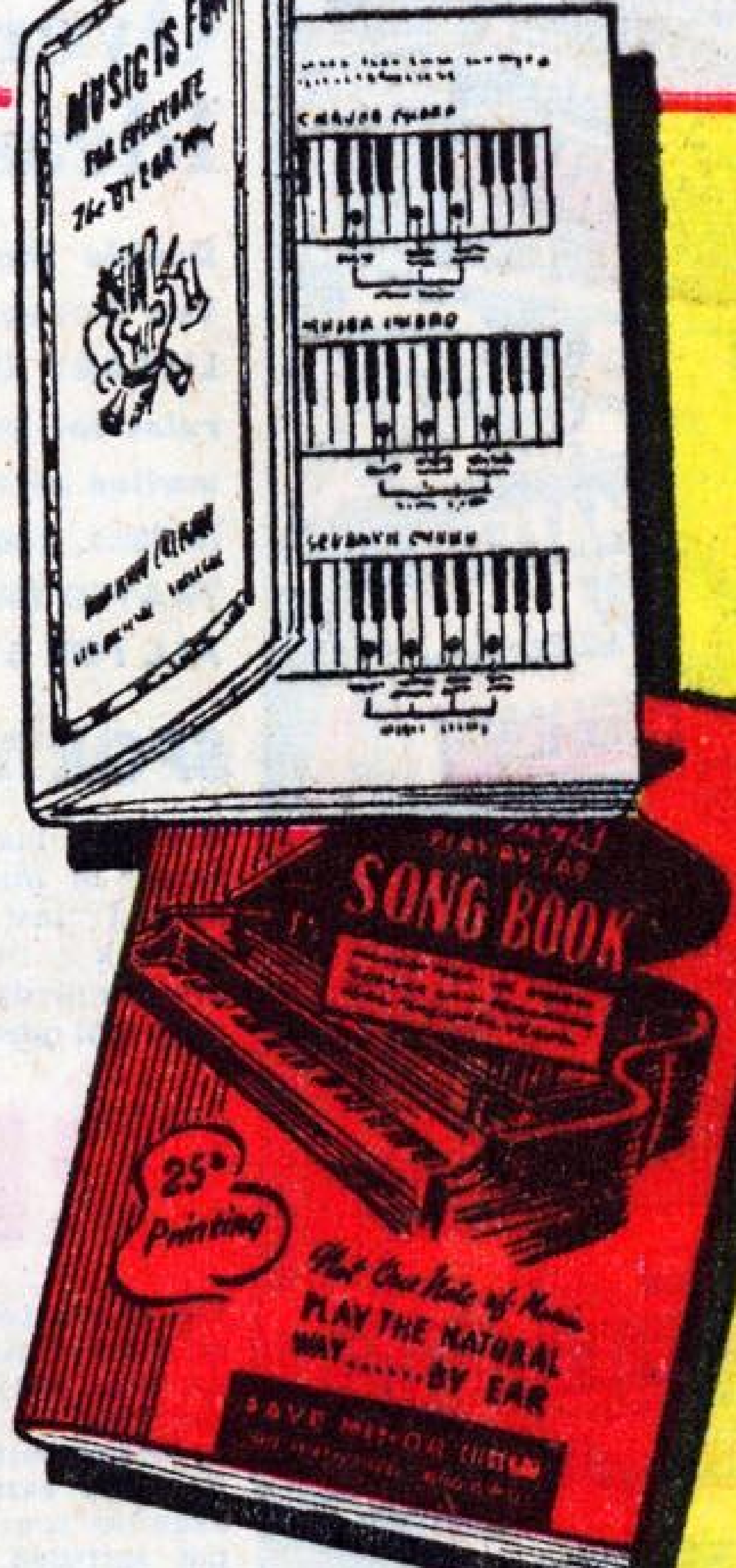

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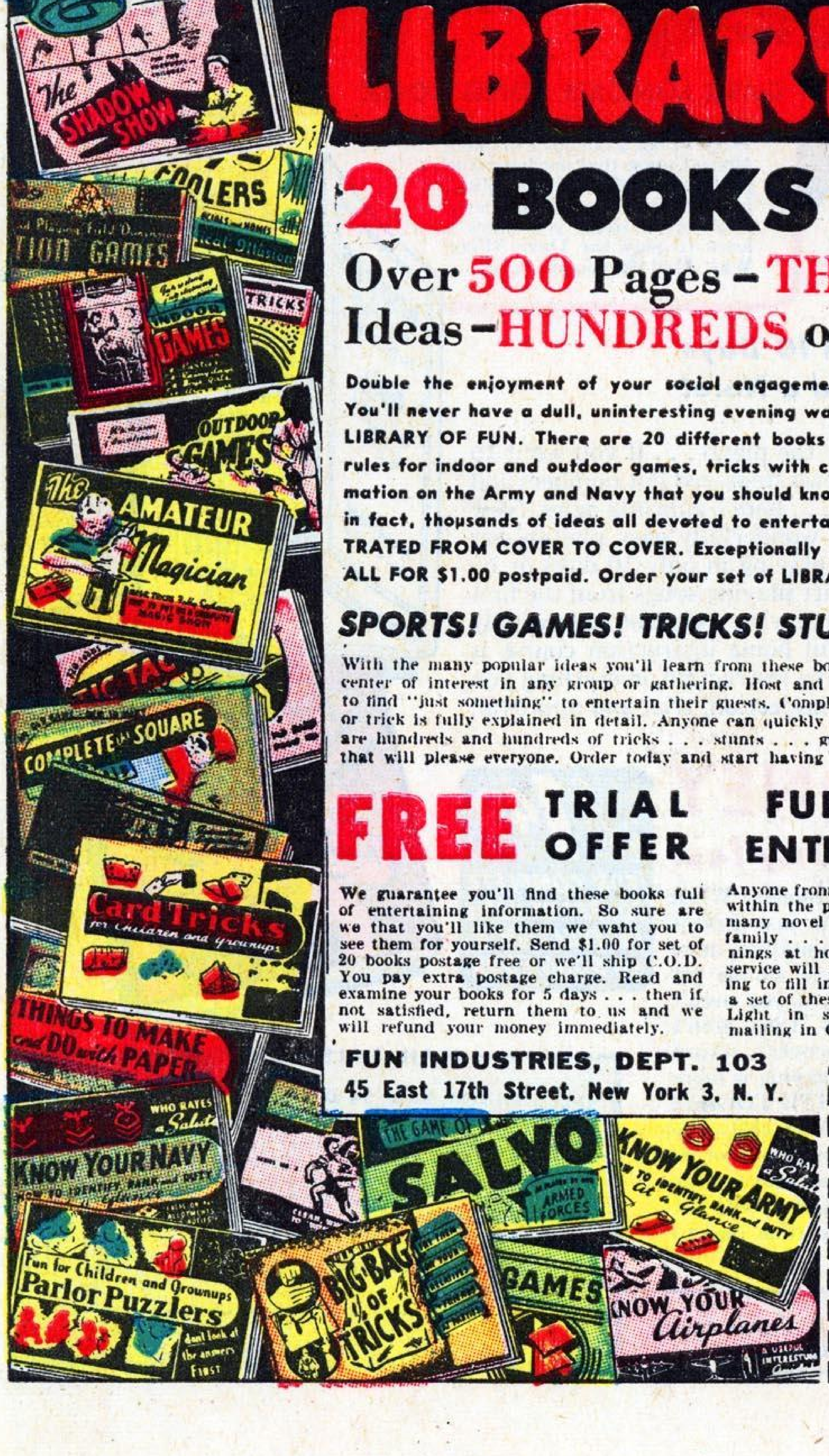
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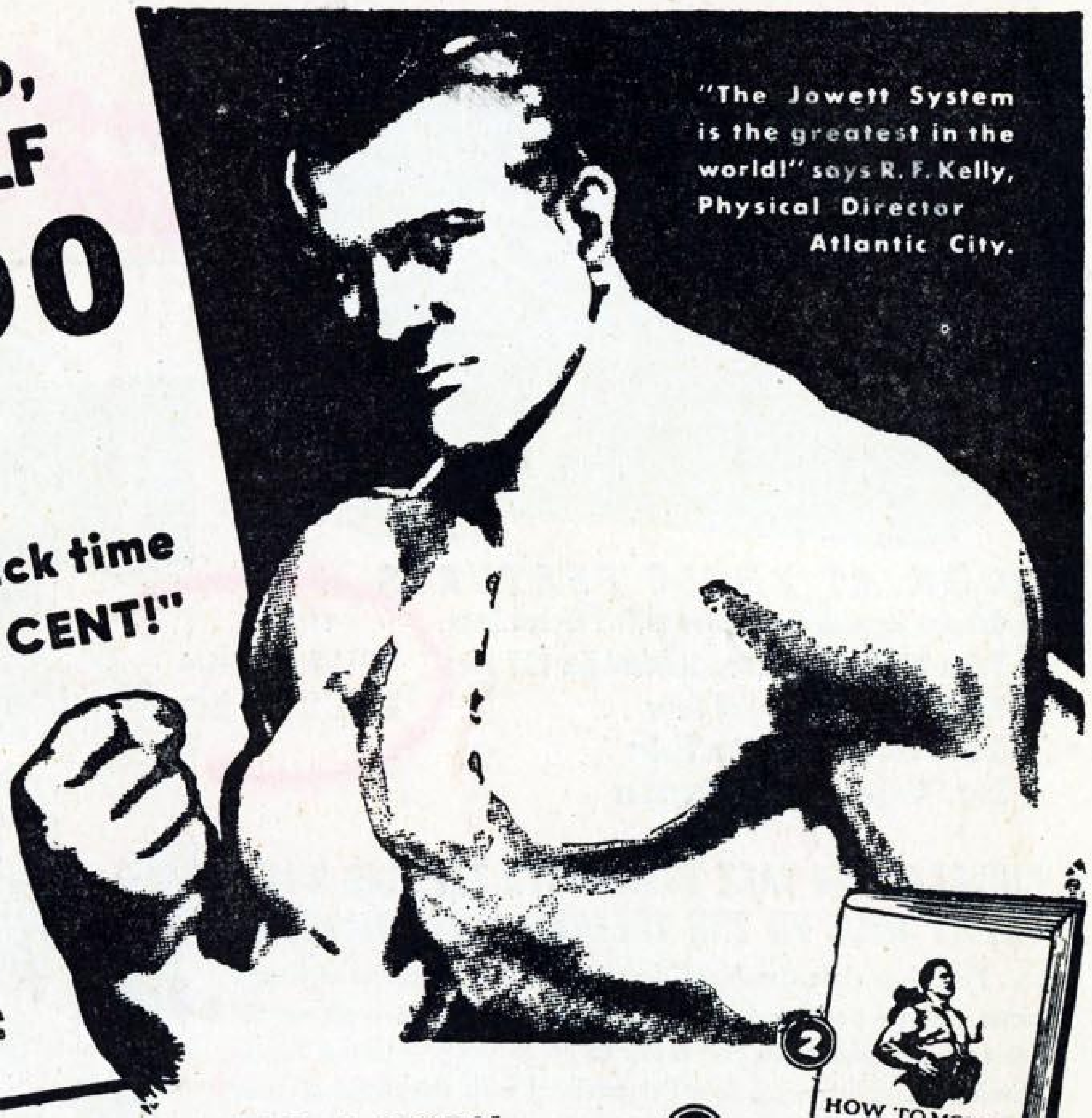

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2
HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY CHEST
1
HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY ARM
HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY BACK
3
HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY GRIP
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4
HOW TO MOLD MIGHTY LEGS
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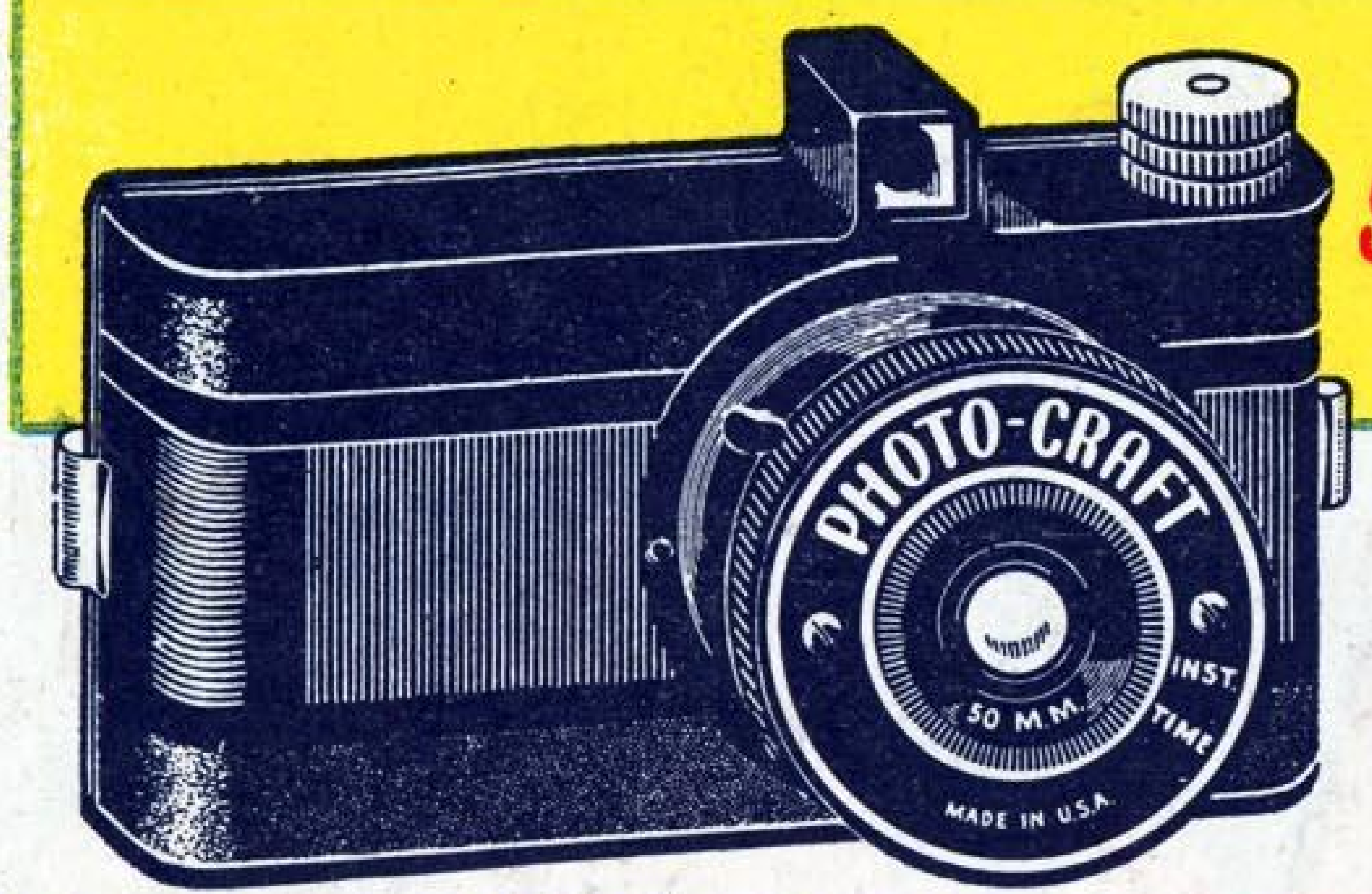

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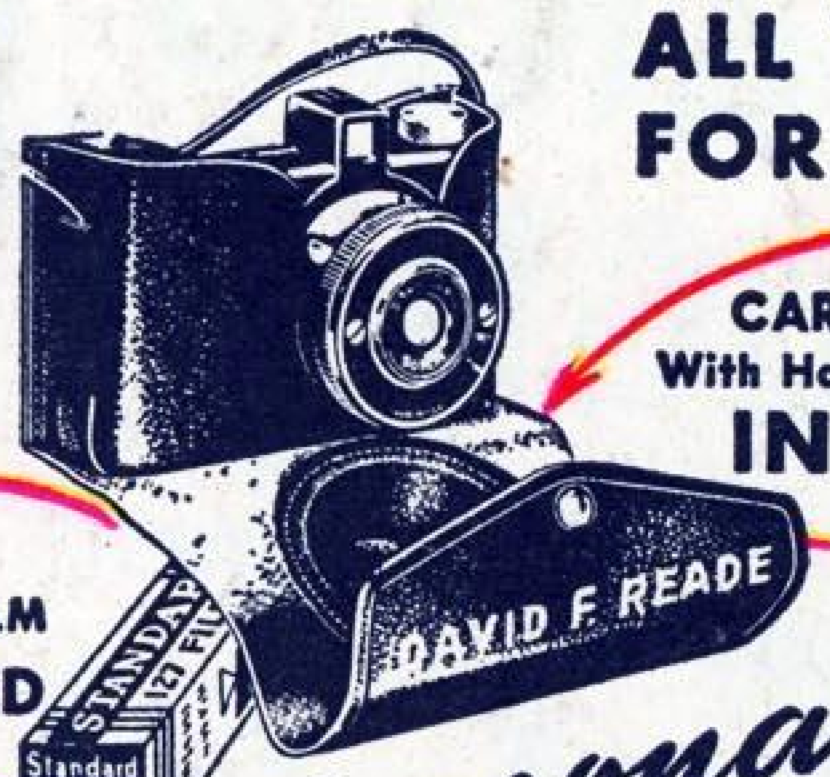

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